CANTUS,

Songs and Fancies,

To Three, Four, or Five Parts,

Both apt for Voices and Viols.

With a brief Introduction to Muſick,

As is taught by Thomas Davidſon, in the Muſick-School of Aberdene.

Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged.

ABERDENE,
Printed by JOHN FORBES, and are to be ſold at his ſhop,
Anno Domini. M. DC. LXVI.

And are to be ſold at EDINBURGH by DAVID TRENCH, [illegible]

ABERDONE

BON. ACCORD
Insignia Urbis abredonicæ

Unto the Right Honorable

GILBERT GRAY Lord Provest.

ROBERT FORBES

ALEXANDER ALEXANDER, Bailies.

IOHN BURNET

THOMAS MITCHELL

WALTER ROBERTSON Dean of Gild,

ROBERT SKENE Treasurer,

And to the rest of the Honorable Counsel of the City of ABERDENE.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

A few years ago, that I might approve my self no less an observant *Citizen*, then a provident *Parent*, being invited by the desires of some,

allured by the kindness of others, and encouraged by the expectation and good hopes of the usefulness of the thing it self to the *Place*; I did lay down my *First-born* as a fondling, at the feet of *Your Honorable Bench*; solemnly engaging, that as it received its being from *BON-ACCORD*, and its growth from *Your Goodness*, so it should period its stature with *Your Pleasure*. This *Promise* hath pressed me, that my *Press* might always bear the *Impress of Your Vertues*; and express (though in a smal type) my thankfulness, according to the laudable custom of *Votaries* in all *Ages*, after a few years growth, to represent the same to *Your Sanctuary*, that it may be *confirmed* in Your favor. For that I may confess ingenuously when I looked deliberatly on this my first *Mephibosheth*, I offered the same as an object of pity, being so mank and maim in its chiefest parts, like a pitriful *Embleme* of *Orpheus* teared by the *Thracian* women, its vigor seemed to wither, its tender hands to dry up, and whole body to vanish in a consumption; had I not called a *Tymous Counsel* of the most *Expert* in this *Place*, who diligently turning over their old *Records*, and rifling the labors of their *Ancestors*, unanimously and so chearfully did contribute all their pains, that now being fred of all the noxious humors that were preying on its vitals, its wants are made up, defects supplyed, its dryed hands received moisture, and strength diffused so thorow the whole limbs, that it dare show it self to the *Publick* on its own leggs, if *Your Wisdoms* command; yea, run to the *Schools* to warble the *Anthems* of *Your Liberality*. Seeing it is natural to children to lisp out first their Parents names, why should it be singular? If it did so when on the Nurse breasts, why not in the flower and prime of its youth?

Though

Though it be silent, it hath a voice, and could sing its own pedegrie, and the fruitfulness of its Mother Science; yea, with *Strabo*, *Pindarus*, *Plutarch*, *Aristotle*, and all Antiquity demonstrate, how much brutes, as well as men, are born obsequious subjects to this *Queen*, whose charming Melody was only able to enchant *Barbaritie*, civilize *Savages*, secure *Societies*, and so give matter to the significant *Apologues* of *Amphion*, *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and the building of the *Theban* walls, were it not the fear of being tedious, it would not be afraid to assert with *Divine Plato*, and his Followers; that the *Heavenly Soul* by which the *Univers* is animate, doth owe its *Origen* to this *Lady*; and narrate how much the great *Solon*, that *Sun* of *Greece*, bestowed on his Nephew, for teaching him one *Saphick Tune*: and how much pains the wise *Socrates*, though full of years, did greedily bestow upon the Lute; and how much that greatest Captain, and Magistrat of *Athens Themistocles*, after he had accomplished himself in all Vertue, and most of Arts, was dashed with the sharp *Sarcasme* of a fellow Magistrat: How can he keep men in Harmonie, and people in Concord, who hath not learned as yet to tune a *Citeron*? It were no difficultie to show how much the Ancients used this *Science*, as a remedy and amulet against all Fascinations: as the Harp of *David*, to alley the fury of *Saul*; and the greatest auxiliarie also in time of Battle, so that the famous *Stratonicus* did discern the courage of his Souldiers, by the musical and saliant motion of their Bodies; and therefore, bearing a *Citeron* in his *Ensigne*, did adde this motto, *Adversus male canentes Cythera*; as if none deserved Victory and Triumph but *Musicians*.

John Milton

And

And now, seeing it hath pleased Providence in *Your Wisdoms Persons*, to bless the *Bench of* BON-ACCORD with such an Harmonious *Consort*, of as many *Musicians* as *Magistrats*, that all under *Your Magistracie* may descant on Your Labors, and Posteritie sing Your Praises to coming Ages: Admit this *Poor Present* to Your Acceptance; its *Breath* and *Being* depends on Your *Brow*, being willing to receive its Sentence from the same, whether it shal be smothered in the *Birth*, or view the Publick under *Your Patrocinie*: However, that the best Blessings and Out-bearing of the ALMIGHTY, may accompany *Your Wisdoms* in all Your Honorable Designs, Shal be the dayly Prayer of

YOUR HONORS

Own Servant,

John Forbes.

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You minor Beauties lix
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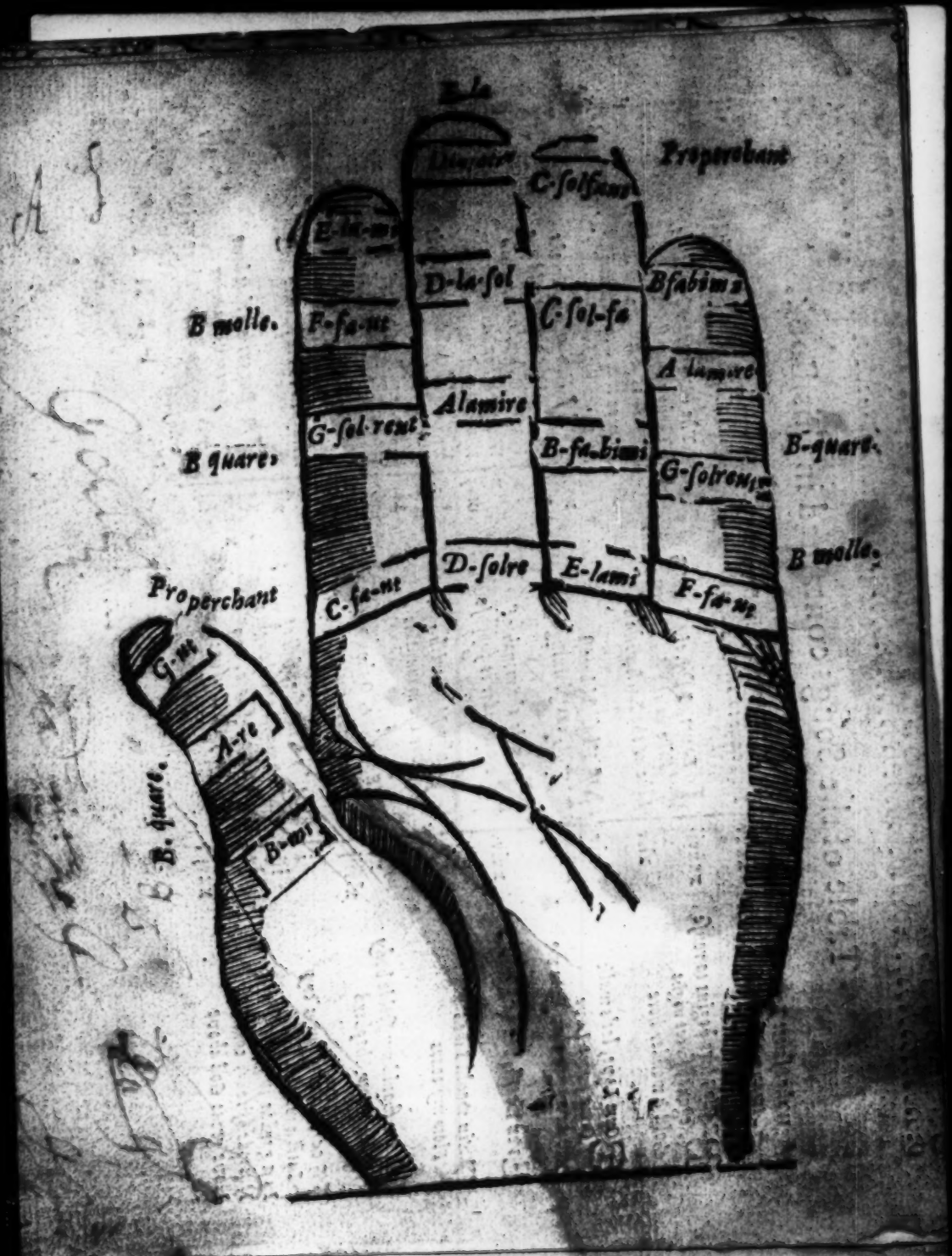
All sons of Adam. Trip and go.

FINIS.


Properchant
C-solfaut
D-la-sol
Bfabimi
B molle.
F-fa-ut
C-sol-fa
A lamire
Alamire
G-sol-reut
B-fa-bimi
B quare.
G-solreut
B molle.
D-solre
E-lami
F-fa-ut
Properchant
C-fa-ut
G-ut
A-re
B-mi
B. quare.

The SCALE of the GAM.

The Bass keyes. The midle keyes. The Treble keyes.

ee		la la	In Space.
dd		la sol sol la	In Rule.
cc		sol fa fa sol	In Space.
bb		fa mi mi fa	In Rule.
aa		la mi re re mi la	In Space.
g		sol re ut b quarre. ut re sol	In Rule.
f		fa ut b molle. ut fa	In Space.
e		la mi mi la	In Rule.
d		la sol re re sol la	In Space.
c		sol fa ut Properchant. ut fa sol	In Rule.
b		fa mi mi fa	In Space.
a		la mi re re mi la	In Rule.
G		sol re ut b quarre. ut re sol	In Space.
F		fa ut b molle. ut fa	In Rule.
E		la mi mi la	In Space.
D		sol re re sol	In Rule.
C		fa ut Properchant. ut fa	In Space.
B		mi mi	In Rule.
A		re re	In Space.
Γ		ut b quarre. ut	In Rule.

An Exposition of the Gam, and Cliefs.

FOR the understanding of this fore-going Scale, you must begin at the lowest word, *Gam-ut*, and so go upwards to the end, still ascending.

Then ye must get it perfectly without book, to say it forewards and backwards. Secondly, you must learn to know the parts of it, and wherein every key standeth; that is, whether in Rule, or in Space. Thirdly, how many Cliefs, and how many Notes every key containeth. And lastly, the properties of the Gam.

Q. *How many parts is in the Gam?*

A. Two.

Q. *Which two?*

A. Bass and Alt.

Q. *Which is Bass, and which is Alt?*

A. All from *Gam-ut*, to *C-sol-fa-ut*, is Bass; and all from *C-sol-fa-ut*, to *E-la*, is Alt.

Q. C-sol-fa-ut, *whether is it Bass, or Alt?*

A. It is neither Bass nor Alt, but betwixt the two.

Q. *What call you a Clief, and what a Note?*

A. A Clief is a character set on a Rule at the beginning of a verse, showing the height and lowness of every Note standing on the same Verse, or in space (although use hath taken it for a general rule, never to set any Clief in the Space, except the *b* Clief) and every Space, or Rule, not having a Clief set in it, hath one understood, being only omitted for not pestering the Verse, and saving of labor to the writer: but here it is taken for a letter beginning the name of every Key, and are they which you see on the Scale set at the beginning of every word.

Q. *How many cliefs hath every Key?*

A. Every Key hath but one Clief, except *b-fa-♮-mi*, which hath two Cliefs.

Q. *How many Cliefs are there?*

A. There be in all seven Cliefs, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, but in use in singing there be but four; that is to say, the *F-fa-ut* Clief, which is commonly in the Bass, or lowest part, being formed or made thus 𝄢.

The *C-sol-fa-ut* Clief, which is common to every part, and is made thus 𝄡.

The *G-sol-re-ut* Clief in Alt, which is commonly used in the Treble, or highest part, and is made thus G. And the B Clief which is common to every part, and is made thus *b*, or thus ♮. The one *b* signifying the half Note, or flat singing, the other ♯ the whole Note, or sharp singing.

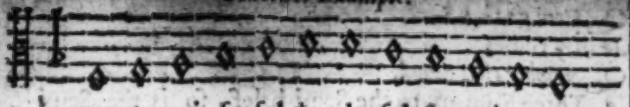
Q. *How many Notes is there in Musick?*

A. There are but six Notes, which are called, and are commonly set down thus,

For the better understanding of this, you shal observe the *C-sol-fa-ut* Clief standing on the fourth Rule from beneath, then you must reckon down from the Clief, as though the Verse were the Scale of the Gam, assigning to every Scale and Rule a several Key; & you shal find that the first Note standeth in *C-fa-ut*, and the last in *A-la-mi-re* in Bass.

Another

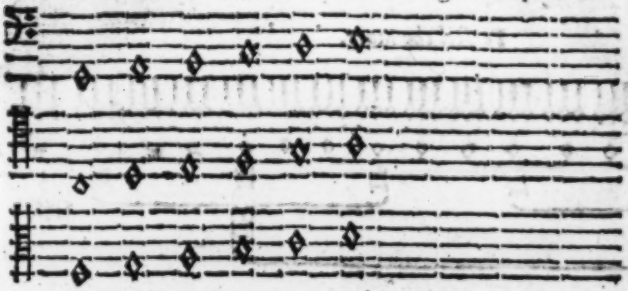
Another Example.



ut re mi fa sol la la sol fa mi re ut

Q. *In how many several Keys may you begin the six Notes?*

A. These three Keys of the following Example.



But what is done in these Notes, may be also done in their Octoes; as what is done in *Gam-ut*, may also be done in *G-sol-re-ut* in Bass, and likewise in *G-sol-re-ut* in Alt. And what in *C-fa-ut*, may be also in *C-sol-fa-ut*, and in *C-sol-fa*. And what in *F-fa-ut* in Bass, may also be done in *F-fa-ut* in Alt. But these be the three principal Keys containing the three natures or properties of singing.

Q. *How many Keys is in the Gam?*

A. Twenty: ten in Rule, and ten in Space.

Q. *How many Notes are in these twenty Keys?*

A. Two and fourty Notes; viz. seven Uts, seven Re's, seven Mi's, seven Fa's, seven Sol's, and seven La's.

Q. *Which are the three properties of Musick?*

A. *B-quare, Properchant*, and *B-mole*.

Q. *How many of these Uts sings B-quare, how many Properchant, and how many B-mole?*

A. Three *B-quare*, two *Properchant*, and two *B-mole*.

Q. *Which are the three uts that singeth B-quare.*

A. The *ut* of *Gam-ut*, the *ut* of *G-sol-re-ut* in Bass, and the *ut* of *G-sol-re-ut* in Alt.

Q. *Which are the two uts that singeth Properchant?*

A. The *ut* of *C-fa-ut*, and the *ut* of *C-sol-fa-ut*.

Q. *Which are the two uts that singeth B-mole?*

A. The *ut* of *F-fa-ut* in Bass, & the *ut* of *F-fa-ut* in Alt.

Q. *You have spoke of the uts, but how doth the other Notes sing?*

A. As every *ut* singeth, so doth the rest of the Notes likewise sing which ascendeth from that *ut*. As for example, the *ut* of *Gam-ut* singeth *B-quare*, therefore *re* of *A-re*; the *mi* of *B-mi*, the *fa* of *C-fa-ut*, &c. doth sing likewise *B-quare*. Likewise the *ut* of *C-fa-ut* singeth *Properchant*, therefore the *re* of *D-sol-re*, the *mi* of *E-la-mi*, the *fa* of *F-fa-ut*, and the *sol* of *G-sol-re-ut*, &c. singeth likewise *Properchant*: & the *ut* of *F-fa-ut* singeth *B-mole*, therefore the *re* of *G-sol-re-ut*, the *mi* of *A-la-mi-re*, the *fa* of *B-fa-b̄-mi*, must likewise sing *B-mole*; because the Notes doth arise from these *uts*, as you may plainly see on the Scale: and so forth of the rest.

Of the MOODS.

Q. HOw many Moods is there?

A. Four.

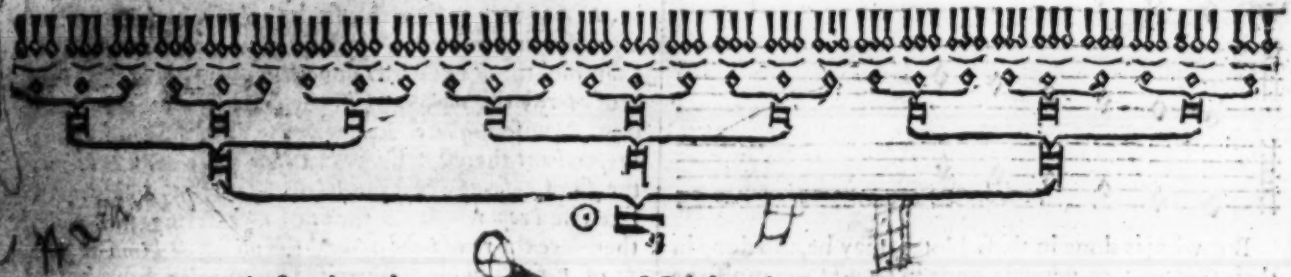
Q. *Which four?*

A. Perfect the More, and Imperfect the More; Perfect the Less, and Imperfect the Less.

The first Mood.

Q. *Perfect the More, whereby know ye it?*
A. By my Figure and my Number.
Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*
A. A round circle with a prick ⊙
Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*
A. They go all by threes, except Crochets, Quavers, and Semi-quavers.
Q. *How go they?*
A. By twoes.
Q. *Number that Mood.*
A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three; three Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief nine; three Briefs to the Long, so is the Long seven and twenty; three Longs to the Large, so is the large four-score and one.

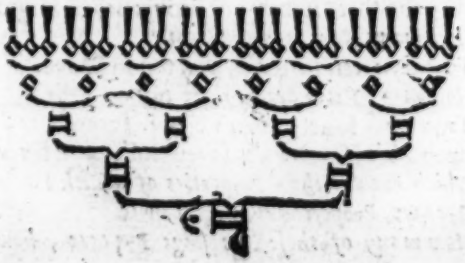
The Example of the first Mood. *Perfect the More.*



The second Mood.

Q. *Imperfect the More, whereby know ye it?*
A. By my Figure and my Number.
Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*
A. Half a Circle with a prick. ☾
Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*
A. They go all by twoes, except Minims.
Q. *How go they?*
A. By threes.
Q. *Number that Mood.*
A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief, so is the Semi-brief three; two Semi-briefs to the Brief, so is the Brief six: two Briefs to the Long, so is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, so is the Large four and twentie.

The Example of the second Mood. *Imperfect the More.*



The third Mood.

Q. *Perfect the Leſs, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A round Circle without a prick, O

Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes, except Semi-briefs.

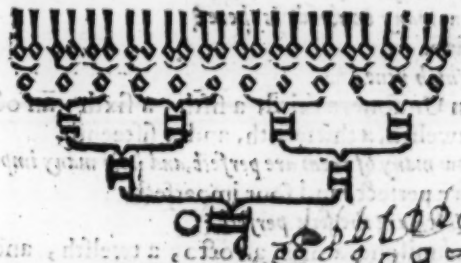
Q. *How go they?*

A. By threes.

Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, ſo is the Semi-brief two: three Semi-briefs to the Brief, ſo is the Brief ſix: two Briefs to the Long, ſo is the Long twelve: two Longs to the Large, ſo is the Large four and twenty.

The Example of the third Mood. *Perfect the Leſs.*



The fourth Mood.

Q. *Imperfect the Leſs, whereby know ye it?*

A. By my Figure and my Number.

Q. *How know ye it by your Figure?*

A. A half Circle without a prick C

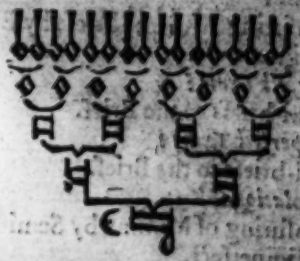
Q. *How know ye it by your Number?*

A. They go all by twoes.

Q. *Number that Mood.*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief, ſo is the Semi-brief two: two Semi-briefs to the Brief, ſo is the Brief four: two Briefs to the Long, ſo is the Long eight: two Longs to the Large, ſo is the Large ſixteen.

The Example of the fourth Mood. *Imperfect the Leſs.*



The DEGREES.

Q. *How many Degrees goeth to every Mood?*

A. Three.

Q. *Which three?*

A. Mood, Time, and Prolation.

Q. *What is Mood?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Longs by Larges, and Briefs by Longs, and is either greater or leſſer.

Q. *What is the greater Mood.*

A. It is a meaſuring of Longs by Larges, and is either Perfect or Imperfect.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Perfect?*

A. Three Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the greater Mood Imperfect?*

A. Two Longs to the Large.

Q. *What is the leſſer Mood?*

A. It is a meaſuring of Briefs by Longs, and is either Perfect or Imperfect.

Q. *What is the lesser Mood Perfect?*

A. Three Briefs to the Long.

Q. *What is the lesser Mood Imperfect?*

A. Two Briefs to the Long.

Q. *What is Time?*

A. It is a measuring of Semi-briefs by Briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. *What is perfect Tyme?*

A. Three Semi-briefs to the Brief.

Q. *What is imperfect Tyme?*

A. Two Semi-briefs to the Brief.

Q. *What is Prolation?*

A. It is a measuring of Minims by Semi-briefs, and is either perfect or imperfect.

Q. *What is perfect Prolation?*

A. Three Minims to the Semi-brief.

Q. *What is imperfect Prolation?*

A. Two Minims to the Semi-brief.

Q. *Perfect the More,* ⊙ *how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?*

A. Perfect great Mood, perfect less Mood, perfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

Q. *Imperfect the More,* ☾ *how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, imperfect Time, and perfect Prolation.

Q. *Perfect the less,* ☉ *how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, perfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

Q. *Imperfect the less,* ☾ *how goeth it in Mood, Time and Prolation?*

A. Imperfect great Mood, imperfect less Mood, imperfect Time, and imperfect Prolation.

The CONCORDS.

Q. *What is a Concord?*

A. It is a mixt sound compact of diverse voices, entring with delight in the ear, and is either perfect, or imperfect.

Q. *What is a perfect Concord?*

A. It is that which may stand by it self, and of it self maketh a perfect harmony, without the mixture of any other.

Q. *What is an imperfect Concord?*

A. It is that which maketh not a full sound, and needeth the following of a perfect Concord, to make it stand in the harmony.

Q. *How many Concords is there?*

A. Nine.

Q. *Which nine?*

A. An Unisone, a third, a fifth, a sixth, an octo, a tenth, a twelfth, a thirteenth, and a fifteenth.

Q. *How many of them are perfect, and how many imperfect?*

A. Five perfect, and four imperfect.

Q. *Which are the five perfect?*

A. An unisone, a fifth, an octo, a twelfth, and a fifteenth.

Q. *Which are the four imperfect?*

A. A third, a sixth, a tenth, and a thirteenth with their octoes.

Q. *What mean you by their octoes?*

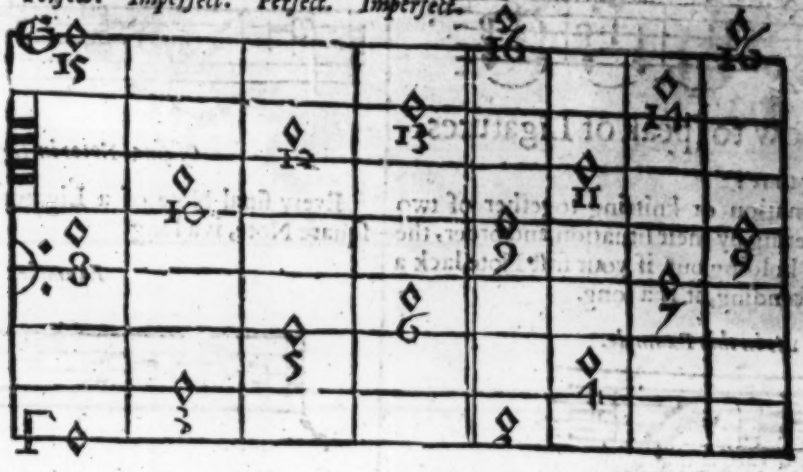
A. Because their octoes are but the self same kind. As for example, An octo is the kind of an unisone, a tenth is the kind of a third, & a twelfth the kind of a fifth, &c.

Q. *What needs so many Concords seeing there are so few kinds?*

A. Albeit

A. Albeit their kinds be one, yet the sounds are diverse. As an octo hath another sound then an unisone, and a tenth hath another sort of sound then a third, and a twelfth hath another sort of sound then a fifth, &c. As likewise it giveth bounds to the composer, or setter of parts.

The Scale of Concords. Discords.

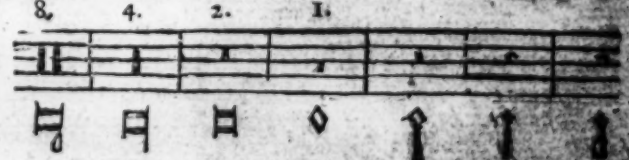


Notes, their Names, Number, and Proportions.

Example.

Rests, or Pauses, of Prick, and Notes of Syncopation.

Example.



A further

A further Example of the *Prick-Notes*, wherein you see your Measure of the *Time* barred, according to the *Semi-brief*, both by prick *Semi-briefs*, *Minims*, and *Crochets*.

Example.

Pric *Long.* *Brief.* *Semi.* *Minim.* *Crotchet.* *Quaver.*

Followeth now to speak of Ligatures.

Q. *What is a Ligature?*

A. It is a combination or knitting together of two or more Notes, altering by their situation and order, the value of the same, holding out if your first Note lack a tail, the second descending, it is a long.

As in this Example.

A second Example.

If the first Note have a tail on the left side hanging downward: the second ascending or descending, it is a Brief.

Example.

Of final Notes in Ligatures.

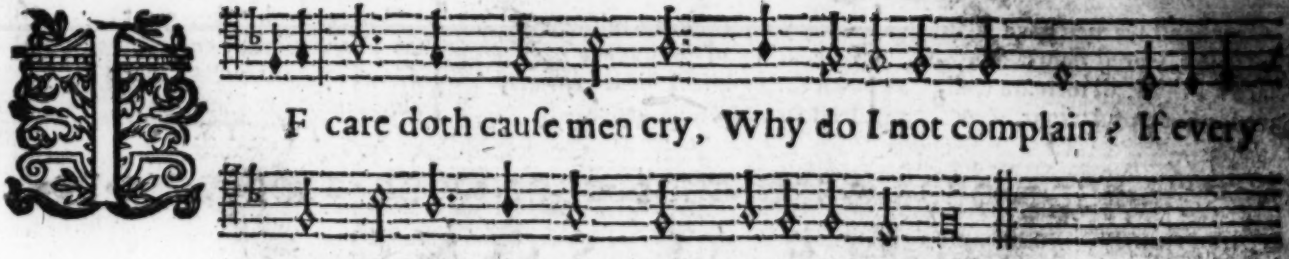
Every final Note of a Ligature descending, being a square Note, is a long.

Example.

THE

UNIVERSITATIS ABERDONENSIS

THE FIRST SONG.



IF care doth cauſe men cry, Why do I not complain? If every wight bewails his woe, Why do I not the ſame?

Since that amongſt them all,
I dare well ſay is none
So far from joy, ſo full of woe,
Not hath more cauſe to mourn.

For all things living hath
Sometime a quyet reſt;
The drawing Ox, the bearing Aſſe,
And every other beaſt.

The Peiſand and the Poſt,
Which are at all aſſayes,
The Ship-boy and the Galey ſlave,
Hath time to take their eaſe.

Save I, poor wretch, whom care
Doth ſo me now conſtrain,
To wail the day, and weep the night,
Continually in pain.

From painfulneſs to pain,
From pain to bitter tears,
From tears to painful pain again,
And ſo my life it wears.

Each thing under the Sun,
That I can hear or ſee,
It makes me to bewail my woe,
And cruel deſtinie.

When I ſee men rejoice,
Seeing I cannot ſo,
I take more pleaſure in my pain,
It doubles but my woe.

Or when I ſee men have
Their moſt deſired ſight,
Alace! I think all men are well,
Save I, poor woful wight.

Or when I hear the ſound
Of Song or Inſtrument,
I think all thing that joyful is,
Doth cauſe me to lament.

Even as the ſtricken Deer
Withdraws himſelf alone,
So ſeek I then ſome ſecret place,
Where I may make my moan.

Although that for the time
Doth much appeaſe my griefs;
Yet doth it breed me further pain,
To cauſe me more miſchief.

THE SECOND PART.

SInce that amongſt them all,
I dare well ſay is none
More grievous ſinner nor I am,
And hath more cauſe to moan.

My youthful years miſpent
In health and ignorance;
Not caring how I ſpent my time,
In ſloath and negligence.

Even like a wandring ſheep,
Long have I gone aſtray:
Lord, bring me to thy flock again,
And guide me the right way.

Grant me thy grace to riſe,
And ſtand in time to come,
That I may mend my wretched life,
And mourn for time by-run.

Call me not to accounts
Of former faults miſdone:
But let my Saviors bloody wounds,
Be ranſome for my ſin.

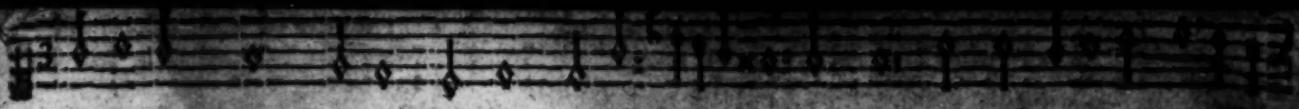
In mercy, Lord, my God,
Receive me home to thee;
That I may walk in thy true fear,
And praiſe thy Name trulie.

Relieve my burthen great
Of ſin and worldly care;
That I may in thy Sanctuary
Sing praiſes evermair.

FINIS.

THE II. SONG.

Luſty May with Flora Queen, The balmy drops fró Phebus ſheen,
Prelufant



Preluſant beams before the day, before the day, the day. By thee Diana groweth

green, Through gladneſs of this luſty May, Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

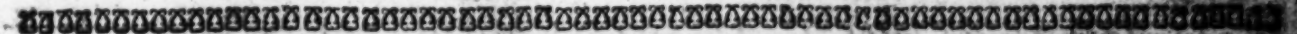
Then Aurora that is ſo bright,
To woful hearts he caſts great light,
Right pleaſantly before the day, &c
And ſhows and ſheds forth of that light,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

Birds on their beughs of every ſort,
Sends forth their notes, and makes great mirth,
On banks that blooms on every bray, &c.
And fares and flyes ov'r field and firth,
Through gladneſs, &c.

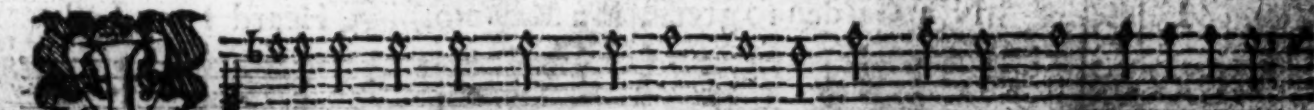
All Lovers hearts that are in care,
To their Ladies they do repare,
In freſh mornings before the day, &c.
And are in mirth ay more and more,
Through gladneſs, &c.

Of every moneth in the year,
To mirthful May there is no peer;
Her gliſtring garments are ſo gay, &c.
You Lovers all, make merry cheer,
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.
Through gladneſs of this luſty May.

FINIS.

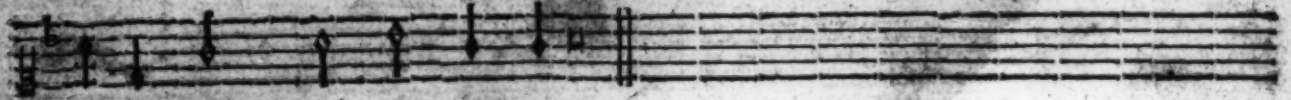


THE III. SONG.



Nto a mirthful May morning, As Phebus did upſpring, I ſaw a May

both fair and gay, Moſt goodly for to ſee: I ſaid to her, Be kind To me that



was ſo pyn'd, For your love truly.

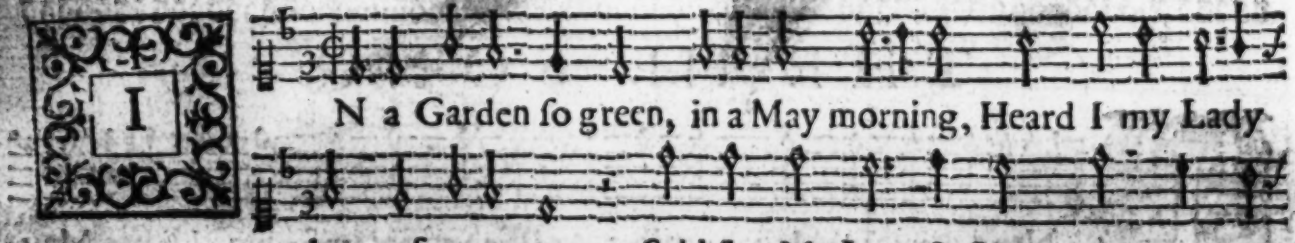
First therefore whē I did you know,
You thirl'd my heart ſo low
Unto your Grace: but now in caſe,
Baniſht through falſe report:
But I hope, and I trow,
Once for to ſpeak with you,
Which doth me comfort.

Wherefore, I pray, have mind on me,
True Love, where ever you be:
Where ever I go, both too and fro,
You have my heart alright.
O Lady! fair of hew,
I me commend to you,
Both the day and night.

Since Fortune falſe, unkind, untrue,
Hath exyl'd me from you;
By ſudden chance I ſhal advance
Your honor and your fame.
Above all earthly wight,
To you my truth I plight,
In earneſt, or gain.

FINIS.

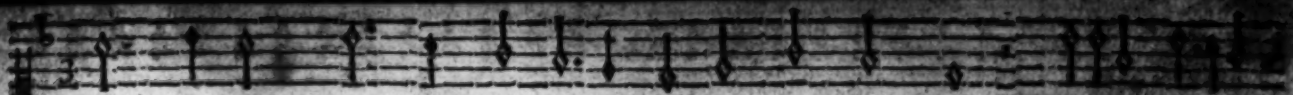
THE IV. SONG.



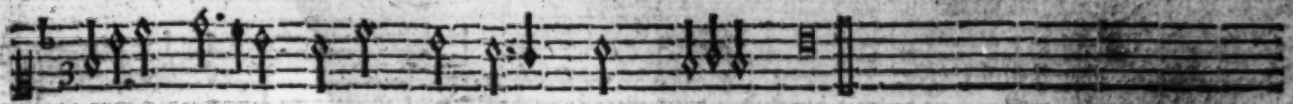
IN a Garden ſo green, in a May morning, Heard I my Lady

pleen of paramours. Said ſhe, My Love ſo ſweet, come you not

yet



yet, nor yet; Heght you not me to meet amongſt the flowrs? Elore, Elore,



Elore, Elore, I love my luſty Love, Elore, Lo.

The ſ yes up ſpringeth, the dew down dingeth.
The ſweet Larks ſingeth their hours of prime.
Phebus up ſprenteth, joy to reſt wenteth,
So loſt is mine intents, and gone's the time.
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my luſty Love, Elore, Lo.

Danger my dead is, falſe fortune my feed is,
And langnor my leed is: but hope, I diſpair.
Diſdain my deſire is, ſo ſtrangeneſs my fear is:
Deceit out of all ware. Adew, I fare.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Then to my Lady blyth, did I my preſence kyth;
Saying, My Bird, be glad: am I not yours?
So in my armes two, did I the luſty jo;
And kiſſed her times mo, then night hath hours.
Elore, Elore, &c.

Live in hope, Lady fair, and repel all diſpair:
Truſt not that your true Love ſhal you betray.
When deceit and langor, baniſht is from your bowr,
I'le be your paramour, and ſhal you pleaſe,
Elore, Elore, &c.

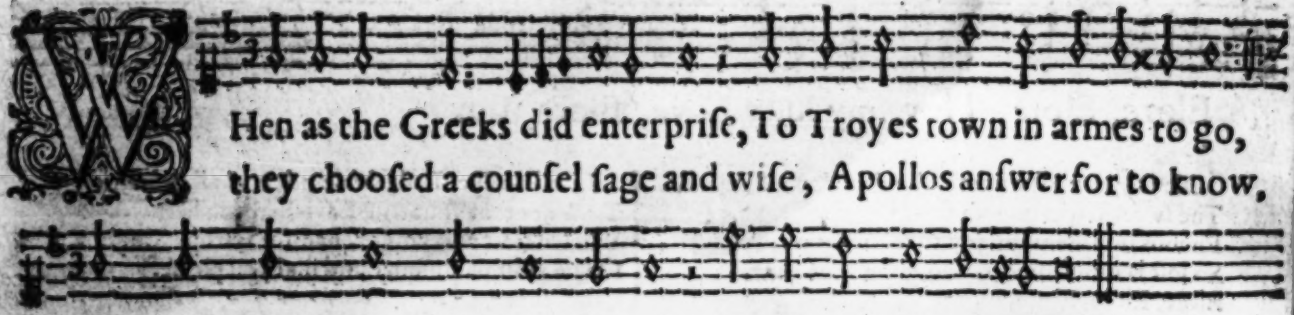
Favor and duty, unto your bright beauty,
Confirmed hath lawty, obliedg'd to truth:
So that your ſoverance, heartly but variance,
Mark in your memorance, mercy and ruth,
Elore, Elore, &e.

Yet for your courteſie, baniſh all jealouſie:
Love for love luſtily, do me reſtore:
Then with us Lovers young, true love ſhal reſt and reign;
Solace ſhal ſweetly ſing for evermore,
Elore, Elore, Elore, Elore.
I love my luſty Love, Elore, Lo.

FINIS.

THE

THE V. SONG.



WHen as the Greeks did enterprise, To Troyes town in armes to go,
they chooſed a counſel ſage and wiſe, Apollos anſwer for to know,
How they ſhould ſpeed and have ſucceſs, In that ſo great a buſineſs.

Then did they ſend the wiſeſt Greeks,
Apollos anſwer for to know,
Who with the tears upon their cheeks,
But and the fiery flames of wood,
With all ſuch rites as was the guiſe,
They did their great God ſacrifice.

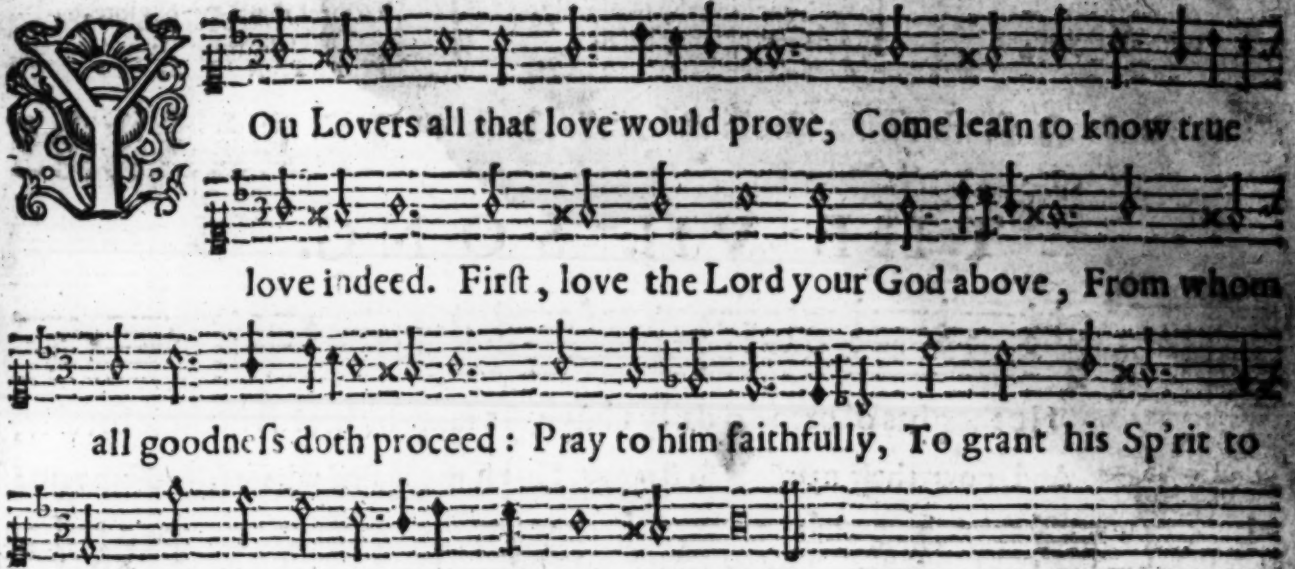
When they had done thus their requeſt,
And ſolemnly their ſervice done,
And drank the wine, and ſlew the beaſt,
Apollo gave them anſwer ſoon:
That Troy and Troyans have they ſhould,
To uſe them fully as they would.

Which anſwer made them not ſo glad,
That they ſhould thus victorious be,
As even the anſwer which I had,
Did alſo joy and comfort me.
For thus then ſaid Apollo mine,
All that thou ſeeks, it ſhal be thine.

FINIS.

TH

THE VI. SONG.



YOu Lovers all that love would prove, Come learn to know true love indeed. First, love the Lord your God above, From whom all goodneſs doth proceed: Pray to him faithfully, To grant his Sp'rit to thee, Thy ſins to mortifie, And that with ſpeed.

Als love thy neighbor heartfully,
Wiſhing his welfare night and day:
Dealing with all men faithfully,
As to thy ſelf thou wouldſt alway.
Beſeech the Lord of might,
His Sp'rit to guide thee right;
His precepts day and night,
For to obey.

Since that the time is here but ſhort,
That we in earth are to indure;
Rejoice in God and have comfort,
In Chriſt his Son that hoght us dear.
Pray to the Trinitie,
One God, and Perſons three,
To ſerve him faithfully,
With heart intiere.

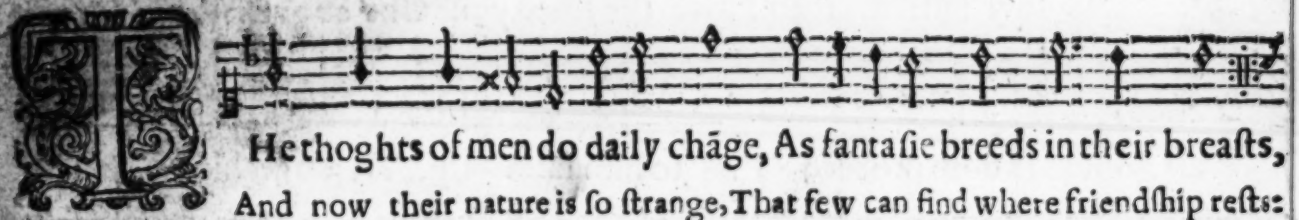
The

The ſacrifice of laud and praiſe,
Sing to the Lord both day & night:
With thankſgiving to him always,
For all his benefits ſo bright.
Thy time in vertue ſpend:
Remember on thy end;
See thou thy life amend,
With all thy might.

Then ſhalt thou at the latter day,
When Chriſt thee to accoũt ſhal call,
Rejoice in God, and not affray
For fear of any ſudden fall.
Therefore live merrily
In Love and Charity,
Thanking thy God truly,
What may befal.

Now let us all ſtill watch & pray,
Still waiting on that day and hour,
When Chriſt ſhal come without delay,
To judge all earthly creature.
Then be prepar'd therefore,
With lamps and oyl in ſtore,
To meet that King of glore,
That comes for ay.
FINIS.

THE VII. SONG.



THE

The ſtedfaſt faith that friends profeſt,
Is fred from them, and ſeldom us'd:
He who a faithful friend profeſt,
Doth make his friendſhip now abus'd.
Where one is found a friend indeed,
A ſcore there be, a ſcore there be, that fail at need.

Fot barren trees will bloom right fair,
As well as thoſe that fruit will yeeld,
Whoſe bark and branches ſeems as fair,
As any tree within the field.
As ſimple looks the ſubtil man,
As he that no, as he that no, kind falſhood can.

A friend of words where deeds be dead,
Is like a ſpring that water wants:
And he that with fair words is fed,
Doth hope for fruit of wither'd plants:
But who can judge by hew of eye, (ſhould be.
Since deeds are dead, ſince deeds are dead, where truth

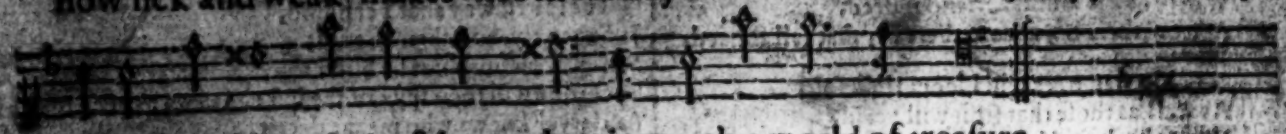
The faireſt way that I can find,
Is firſt to try, and then to truſt;
So ſhal affections not be blind:
For proof will ſoon ſpy out the juſt:
And tryal knows who means deceit.
And bids us be, and bids us be-ware of their bait.

Without good proof be not too bold.
If thou my counſel liſt to take:
In painting words there is no hold,
They be but leaves that wind do ſhake:
But where that words and deeds agree,
Accept that friend, accept that friend, and credit me.

FINIS.

THE VIII. SONG.

now ſick and weak, makes thee thou mayſt not crawle. O then, I ſay, for all thy



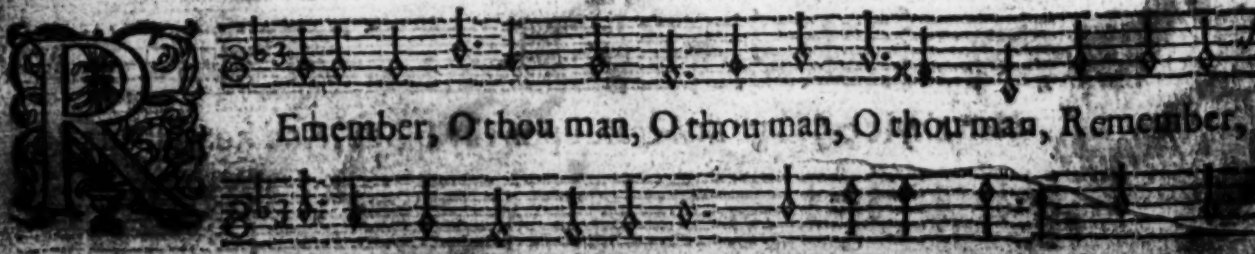
paſſed pleaſure, A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When on thy bed in anguiſh thou do'ſt ly,
In ſome hard feaver, ſtriving ſtill for breath:
Thy wife and children then upon thee cry:
Some wiſhing life, yet moſt for goods thy death.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

When foul ſin ſhal appear in its own weed,
Shal thy diſtracted ſenſes ſo affright,
In recordation of thy former deed;
Nothing thou'ſt have but dolor for delight.
O then, I ſay, for all thy paſſed pleaſure,
A conſcience clear is worth a world of treaſure.

FINIS.

THE IX. SONG.



REmember, O thou man, O thou man, O thou man, Remember,

O thou man, thy time is ſpent. Remember, O thou man, how

thou was dead and gone, And I did what I can, therefore repent.

Remember Adams fall, O thou man, O thou man.
Remember Adams fall, from heaven to hell.
Remember Adams fall, how we were condemned all,
In hell perpetual, therein to dwel.

Remember Gods goodneſs, O thou man, O thou man.
Remember Gods goodneſs, his promiſe made.
Remember Gods goodneſs, how he ſent his Son doubtleſs,
Our ſins for to redreſs: be not afraid.

The Angels all did ſing, O thou man, O thou man.
The Angels all did ſing, on the ſhepherds hill.
The Angels all did ſing praiſe to our heavenly King,
And peace to man living, with a good will.

The ſhepherds amaz'd was, O thou man, O thou man.
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, to hear Angels ſing.
The ſhepherds amaz'd was, how it ſhould come to paſs,
That CHRIST our MESSIAS, ſhould be our King.

To Bethlem did they go, O thou man, O thou man.
To Bethlem they did go, the ſhepherds three.
To Bethlem they did go, to ſee if it were ſo or no,
Whether Chriſt was born or no, to ſet man free.

As th'Angels before did ſay, O thou man, O thou man.
As th'Angels before did ſay, ſo it came to paſs.
As th'Angels before did ſay, they found a Babe where he lay
In a manger, wrapt in hay, ſo poor he was.

In Bethlem he was born, O thou man, O thou man.
In Bethlem he was born, for mankinds ſake.
In Bethlem he was born, for us that was forlorn;
And therefore took no ſcorn, our fleſh to take.

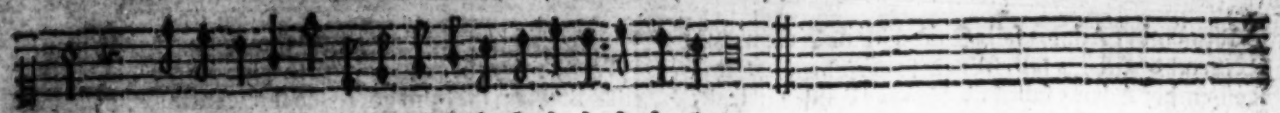
Give thanks to God always, O thou man, O thou man.
Give thanks to God always, moſt joyfully.
Give thanks to God always, for this our happy day.
Let all now ſing and ſay, Holy, Holy.

FINIS.

THE X. SONG.

NOw is the month of maying, When merry Lads are playing, Fa la

la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la. Each with his bony Laſs, Upon the greeny



graſs, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

one ſin in conſcience keeps, while he to quyet goes; More venterous is then

he that ſleeps with twenty mortal foes.

Wherefore at night call into mind,
how thou the day hath ſpent:
Praying to God, if ought thou find,
and then in time repent.
And ſince thy bed a patern is
of death and fatal tears,
Bedwart it ſhal not be amiſs,
this to record in verſe.

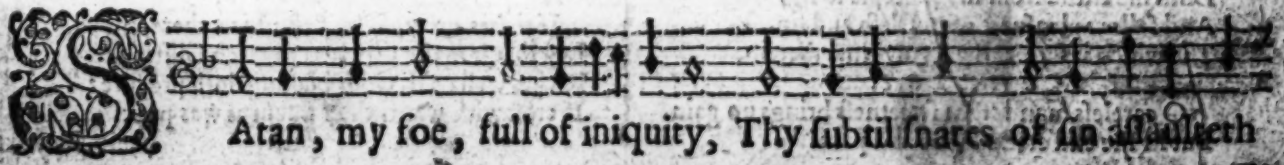
My bed is like the grave ſo cold;
and ſleep which ſtecks mine eye,
Reſembleth death; cloathes which me fold,
declare the mould ſo dry:

The friſking fleas, reſembleth well
the wringing worm to me,
Which with me in the grave ſhal dwel,
when I no light ſhal ſee.

The mighty bell which I hear knel,
when I am laid in bed,
Moſt like a bitter trumpet fell,
ev'r ſhouting in my head:
My riſing in the morn likewiſe,
when ſleepy night is paſt,
Puts me in mind that I muſt riſe
to Judgement at the laſt.

FINIS.

THE XII. SONG.



Atan, my foe, full of iniquity, Thy ſubtil ſnares of ſin aſſaileth

me

me, Againſt my Lord and Maker to rebel, With ſweet allurements leads

the way to hell.

CHRIST.

O ſinful man, ſince God hath creat thee
A living ſoul, to ſerve him faithfullie;
And from the hell he thee redeem'd again:
Obey my voice, and from thy ſins refrain.

SINNER.

Alace! Satan, the world, and fleſh alſo,
All three in one conſpired hath my woe,
Me to intrape in ſinful pleaſures here,
Through ſin and ſathan, death and endleſs fear.

CHRIST.

Believe my word, and in thy heart imprint
My ſuffrings for thy ſake, and do repent.
Pray to our Father for the Sp'rit of grace:
To mend thy life, God grant thee time and ſpace.

SINNER.

Alace! my fore-ſaid foes full craftily
Doth me entiſe from thy precepts to fly;
And follow pleaſures of my fleſh and ſin,
The which is ſweet to paſs my time therein.

CHRIST.

O careleſs man! that ſweetneſs brings no gain,
But in the end eternal woe and pain.
Fly ſin therefore, the Sabbath day thou keep:
My Word will draw thee from that ſinful ſleep.

SINNER.

Alace! my Lord, I fight continually
Againſt the Devil, the world, and fleſh, all three:
So that my wits and ſenſes are grown dumb,
Clogged with worldly things, almoſt ov'rcome.

CHRIST.

Caſt firſt thy care to conquer heaven above,
Through faith in me, and godly works in love:
Thy Father who doth know thy preſent need,
Will thee ſupply of worldly things with ſpeed.

SINNER.

Proſperity makes me ſometimes misknow:
Adverſity makes me deſpair and low.
Whiles with the one and other am torment,
Which marrs my mind, and makes me mal-content.

CHRIST.

If riches grow, ſet not thy heart thereon,
Leſt that it make thee like the rich Glutton.
Riches well us'd, Gods bleſſing doth procure:
If croſt with want, then Lazarus was poor.

SINNER.

Betwixt theſe two, I crave to ſtand content,
If ſo it pleaſe my God for to conſent:
Praying therefore I ſeek to pleaſe his will,
And be brought home, thy flock and fold until.

CHRIST.

Thou art not able for to run that race,
To pleaſe his will, without his Sp'rit of grace:
Therefore beſeech his divine Majeſtie,
To baniſh ſin, and grant his Sp'rit to thee.

SINNER.

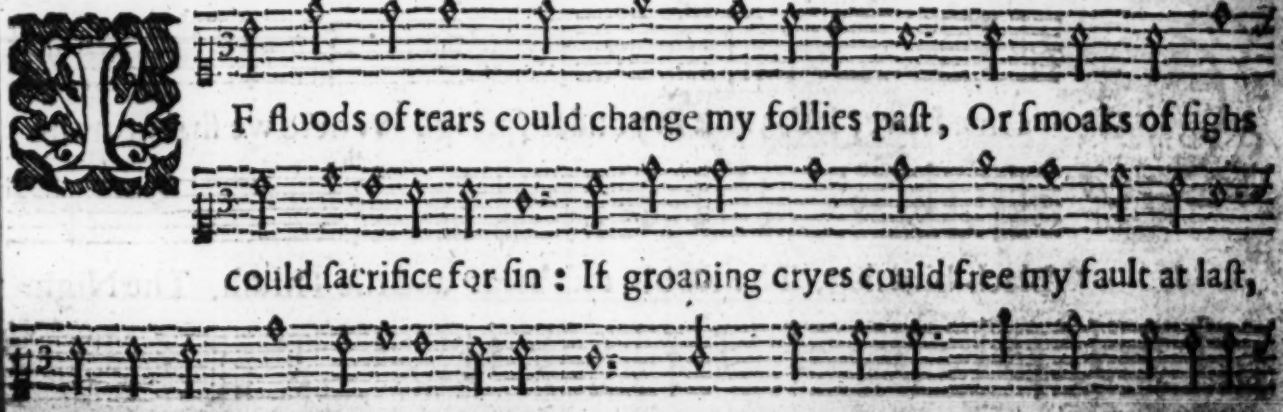
I ſhal beſeech my Lord and God of might,
The Father, Son and Sp'rit, to guide me right,
That I may walk in thy true fear and love,
And at the laſt attain thy joyes above.

CHRIST.

If ſo thou do, thy prayer ſhal be heard,
And in the heavens for thee a place prepar'd.
Then ſerve thy God, and praiſe his holy Name:
Obey my voice, and ſtill with me remain.

FINIS.

THE XIII. SONG.



groan, For follies, faults, faults, for sins and errors done.

I see my hopes are blasted in their bud:
And find mens favors are like fading flowrs:
I find too late that words can do no good,
But loss of time, and languishing of hours.
Thus since I see, I sigh, and say therefore,
Hopes, favors, words, begone, begone, beguile no more.

Since man is nothing but a mass of clay,
Our days not else but shadows on the wall:
Trust in the Lord, who lives and lasts for ay;
Whose favor found will neither fade nor fail.
My God, to thee I resign my mouth and mind:
No trust in youth, in youth, nor faith in age I find.

FINIS.

THE XIV. SONG.

Ome Love, let's walk in yonder spring, Where we shal hear the Black-bird sing, The Robin red-breast and the Thrush, The Nightingale in thorny bush: The Mavis sweetly caroling, This to my Love, th

In yonder dale grows flagrant flowrs,
With many sweet and shady bowrs:
A pearly brook, whose silver streams
Are beautifi'd with Phebus beams,
Still stealing through the trees so fair;
Because Diana, because Diana,
Batheth her there.

Behold the Nymph with all her train,
Comes tripping through the Park amain,
And in this Grove she here will stay,
At Barley-break to sport and play;
Where we shal sit us down, and see
Fair beauty mixt, fair beauty mixt
With Chastitie.

All her delight is, as you see,
Here for to sport, and here to be,
Delighting in this silver stream,
Only to bath her self therein:
Until Acteon her espy'd,
Then to the Thicket, then to the Thicket
She her hyed.

And there by Magick Art she wrought,
Which in her heart she first had thought,
By secret speed away to flee,
Whilst he a Hart was turn'd to be.

Thus whilst he view'd Dianas train,
His life he lost, his life he lost,
Her love to gain.

Another to the same.

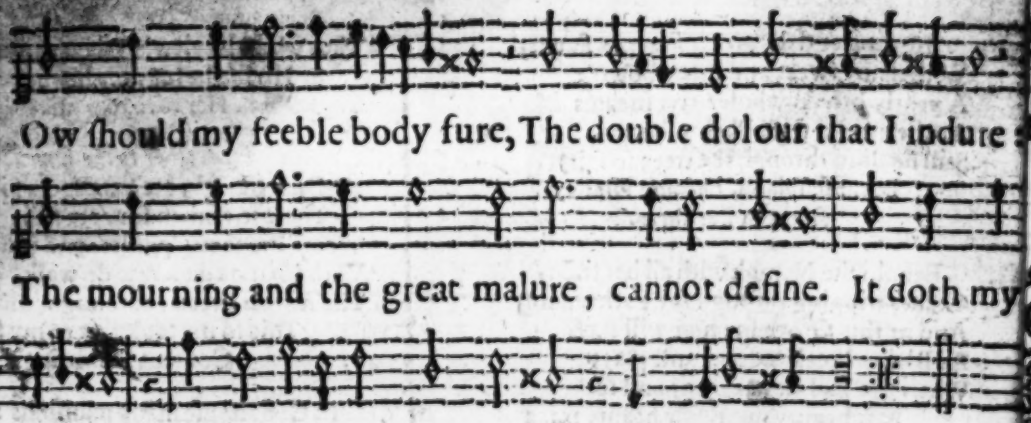
COme, Lord, let's walk on Sion Hill,
There to remain for ever still;
Where Prophets, postles, and just folk,
With Martyrs on a row do walk;
The Angels sweetly caroling:
This to my soul, this to my soul,
Content shal bring.

In Gods house many mansions are,
Which Christ is gone for to prepare
For his Elect, and own dear friends;
Where joy remains, and never ends.
Gods Saints shal thither all repair;
Because the Lamb, because the Lamb
Of God reigns there.

We shal behold the Lord amain,
Come through the clouds with Angels train;
And in the twinkling of an eye,
We shal ascend up through the sky;
Where we shal sit us down and sing
Sweet Psalms of praise, sweet Psalms of praise
To Jehovah King.

FINIS.

THE XV. SONG.



For well I wot was never wight,
That could inforce his mind & might
To love and ſerve his Lady bright,
and want her fine:
As I do martyr day and night,
Without that only thing of right,
that ſhould be mine.

Were I of puiſſance for to prove
My lowly and my heartly love,
I ſhould her mind to mercy move,
with ſuch propine.
Were all the world at my behove,
She ſhould it have at her behove,
for to be mine.

Now whō to ſhal I make my moan?
For truth nor conſtancy is none;
For all the faithful love is gone,
of feminine.
It would oppreſs an heart of ſtone
To ſee my loſs, for her alone
that ſhould be mine.

Who ſhal my dulled ſpirits raiſe,
Since not for love my Lady goes?
For if good ſervice might her pleaſe
ſhe ſhould incline.
I die in dolour and diſeaſe,
And others hath her as they pleaſe,
that ſhould be mine.

I may perceive right well by this
That all the blythneſs, joy and bliſ
The luſty wanton life I wiſh
of love, is hine.

What remedy ſince ſo it is?
But patience, ſuppoſe I miſs
that ſhould be mine.

For Nobles hath not ay renown,
Nor Gentles ay the gayeſt gown:
They cary victuals to the town
that worſe doth dine.
So buſily to buſk I bown,
And others beats the berry down,
that ſhould be mine.

Who can the rage of youthhood daut
Let him to Lovers Court go haunt,
And him as Venus ſubjects graunt,
and keep her trines
Perchance he ſhal find mercy skaunt,
And able his reward to want,
as I do mine.

FINIS.

THE XVI. SONG.

NO wonder is ſuppoſe my weeping eyes Be blinded with the rainy

cloud of wo, And with the ſword of ſharp adverſities. My doolful

heart thus pierced been in two. Alace! ſweet heart, all comfort is ago. Diſpair is

Lord, good hope is in exile; That ev'r I lov'd, alace! this ſory while.

As with the wind oppreſſed is the corn,
The ſtone thirled with rainy drops great;
And with the worm the ſcarlet rent and ſhorn;
So is my heart overthirl'd and overſet:
My ſalt tears are mingled with bloody ſweat,
Pale is my face, and fadéd is my hew,
Of Loves lair, alace! that ever I knew.

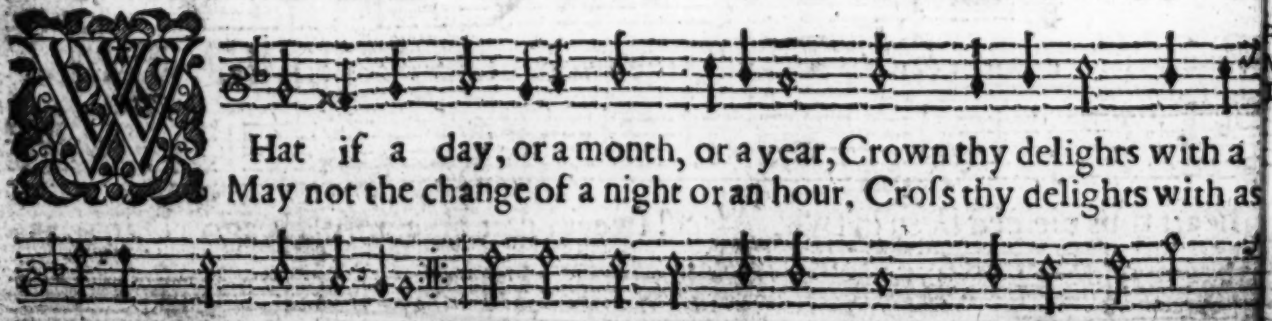
I ſeek remead unto my deadly wound,
As fire in yce, and heat in marble ſtone:
I find a quadrant in a figure round,
A deaf Sophiſt a probleme to expound;
I ſeek the truth in heart where there is none:
As who would fiſh upon the mountains hie,
Or go to gather berries in the ſea.

Now is my care through old occaſion,
Old is my wound, my paines are very ſore;
The more I ſeek for conſolation,
My heavineſs increaſeth more and more:
I love, alace! and all my love is lore:
More wo I wiſh dread never man on eard:
Such is my chance, ſuch is my hapleſs weard.

I have enough and more for to complain
Of every care that may my dool diſtreſs:
How may my tongue or hand expreſs the pain?
Becauſe the truth unable is to gueſs.
I love, alace! not with thoſe cares expreſs'd,
My deadly ghoſt: but rather with the dart,
Bereave my life, as thou haſt done my heart.

FINIS.

THE XVII. SONG.



dy

dying. All our joyes, are but toyes, Idle thoughts deceiving,
flying. None hath power of an hour, Of his lives bereaving.

Th'earth's but a point of the world, and a man
Is but a point of the Earths compared centure:
Shal then the point of a point be ſo vain,
As to triumph in a ſilly points adventure.
All is hazard that we have,
Here is nothing byding:
Days of pleaſure are as ſtreams
Through fair meadows glyding.
Well or wo, time doth go,
Time hath no returning.
Secret Fates guides our States,
Both in mirth and mourning.

What if a ſmile, or a beck, or a look
Feed thy fond thoughts with many vain conceivings:
May not that ſmile, or that beck, or that look,
Tell thee as well they are all but falſe deceivings.
Why ſhould Beauty be ſo proud,
In things of no ſurmounting?
All her wealth is but a ſhrewd,
Nothing of accounting.
Then in this, there's no bliſs,
Which is vain and idle.
Beauties flowrs have their hours,
Time doth hold the bridle.

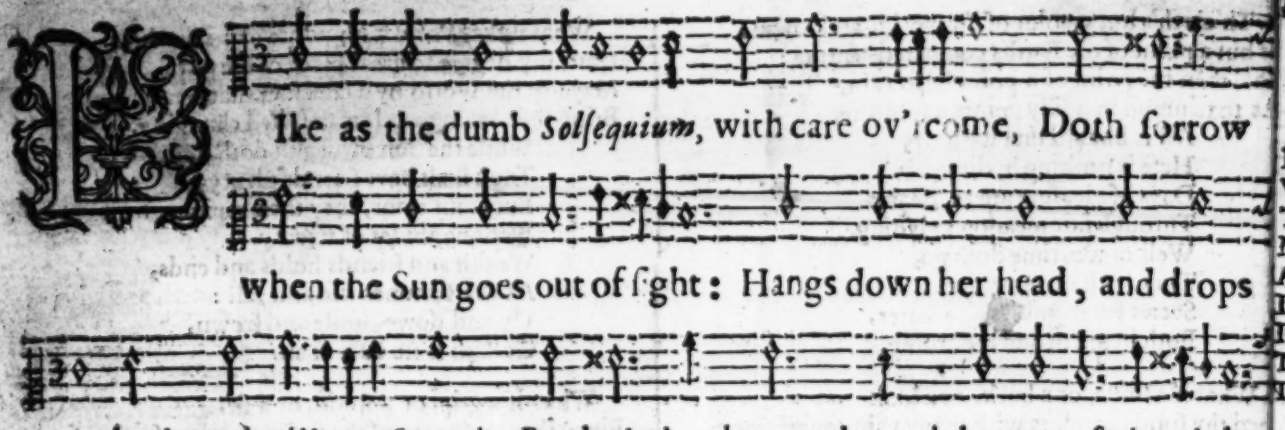
What if the World with a lure of its wealth
Raiſe thy degree to great place of life advancing:
May not the World by a check of that wealth,
Bring thee again to as low deſpiſed chancing.
While the Sun of wealth doth ſhine,
Thou ſhalt have friends plenty;
But come want, they then repine,
Not one abides of twenty.
Wealth and friends holds and ends,
As thy fortunes riſe and fall:
Up and down, ſmile and frown,
Certain is no ſtate at all.

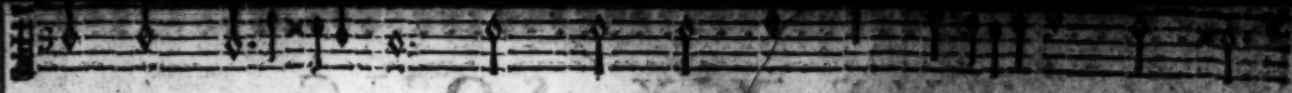
What if a grip, or a ſtrain, or a fit,
Pinch thee with pain of the feeling pangs of ſickneſs:
May not that grip, or that ſtrain, or that fit,
Show thee the form of thine own true perfect likeneſs,
Health is but a glance of joy,
Subject to all changes;
Mirth is but a ſilly toy,
Which miſhap eſtranges.
Tell me than, ſilly man,
Why art thou ſo weak of wit,
As to be in jeopardie,
When thou mayſt in quiet ſit,

FINIS.

THE

THE XVIII. SONG.





glad good-morrow gives. From thence that flowr likes not to lour, But laughs

on Phebus op'ning out her leaves.

So ſtands't with me, except I be where I may ſee
My lamp of light, my Lady and my Love:
When ſhe departs, ten thouſand darts from ſundry airts,
Thirles through mine heart but reſt or moove:
My countenance declares mine inward grief,
And Hope almoſt diſpairs to find relief.
I die, I dwine, love doth me pine:
I loath on every thing I look, alace!
Till Titan mine upon me ſhine,
That I revive through favor of her grace.

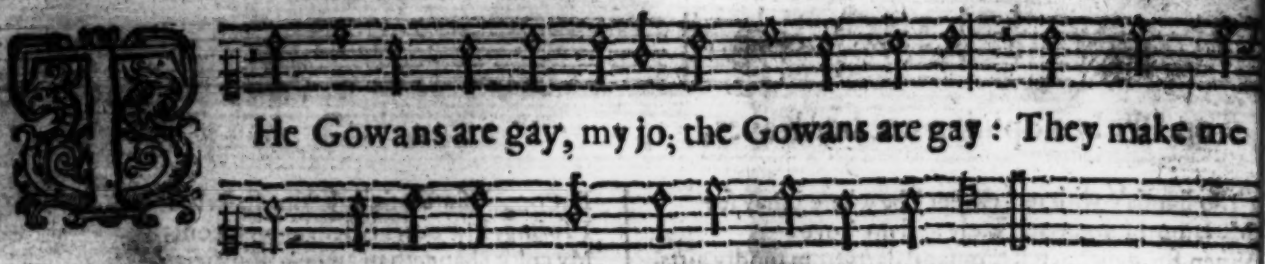
Fra ſhe appear into her Sphear, begins to clear
The dawning of my long deſired day:
Then Courage cryes on Hope to riſe, fra ſhe eſpyes
The noyſom night of abſence went away:
No wo can me awake, nor yet impeſh.
But on my ſtately ſtalk I flouriſh freſh:
I ſpring, I ſprout, my leaves break out;
My color changeth in an heartſom hew:
No more I lout, but ſtands up ſtout,
As glad of her, of whom I only grew.

O happy day! go not away, Apollo ſtay
Thy cart from going down into the Weſt:
Of me thou make thy Zodiack, that I may take
My pleaſure to behold whom I love beſt.
Her preſence me reſtores to liſe from death,
Her abſence alſo ſhores to cut my breath:
I wiſh in vain, thee to remain,
Since *Primum mobile* doth ſay me nay.
At leaſt, my wane, haſte ſoon again.
Fare-well, with patience perforce, till day.

FINIS.

THE

THE XIX. SONG.



THe Gowans are gay, my jo; the Gowans are gay: They make me wake when I ſhould ſleep, the firſt morning of May.

About the fields as I did paſs,
the Gowans are gay:
I chanc'd to meet a proper Laſs,
the firſt morning of May.

Right buſy was that bony Maid,
the Gowans are gay:
And I thereafter to her ſaid,
the firſt morning of May.

O Lady fair, what do you here?
the Gowans are gay:
Gathring the dew, what needs you ſpear?
the firſt morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean?
the Gowans are gay:
She ſaid, To waſh my Lady clean,
the firſt morning of May.

I asked farther at her ſine,
the Gowans are gay:
To my will if ſhe would incline,
the firſt morning of May.

She ſaid her erand was not there,
the Gowans are gay:
Her maiden-head on me to ware,
the firſt morning of May.

Thus left I her, and paſt my way,
the Gowans are gay:
Into a garden me to play,
the firſt morning of May.

Where there were birds ſinging full ſweet,
the Gowans are gay:
Unto me comfort was full meet,
the firſt morning of May.

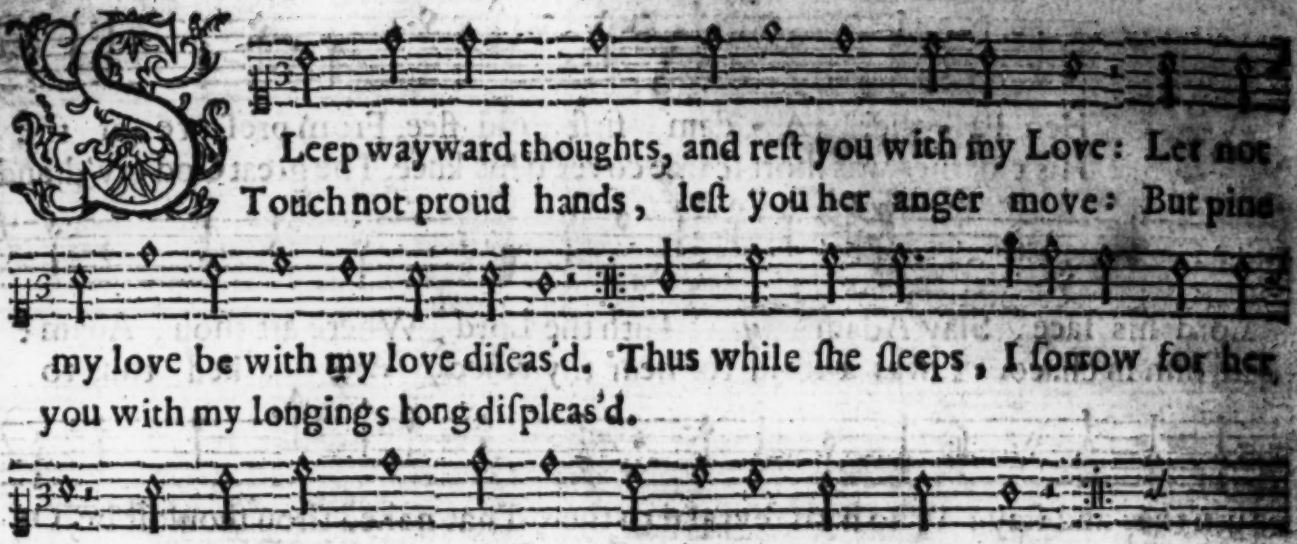
And thereabout I paſt my time,
the Gowans are gay:
While that it was the hour of Prime,
the firſt morning of May.

And then returned home again,
the Gowans are gay:
Panſing what Maiden that had been
the firſt morning of May.

FINIS.

TH

THE xx. SONG.



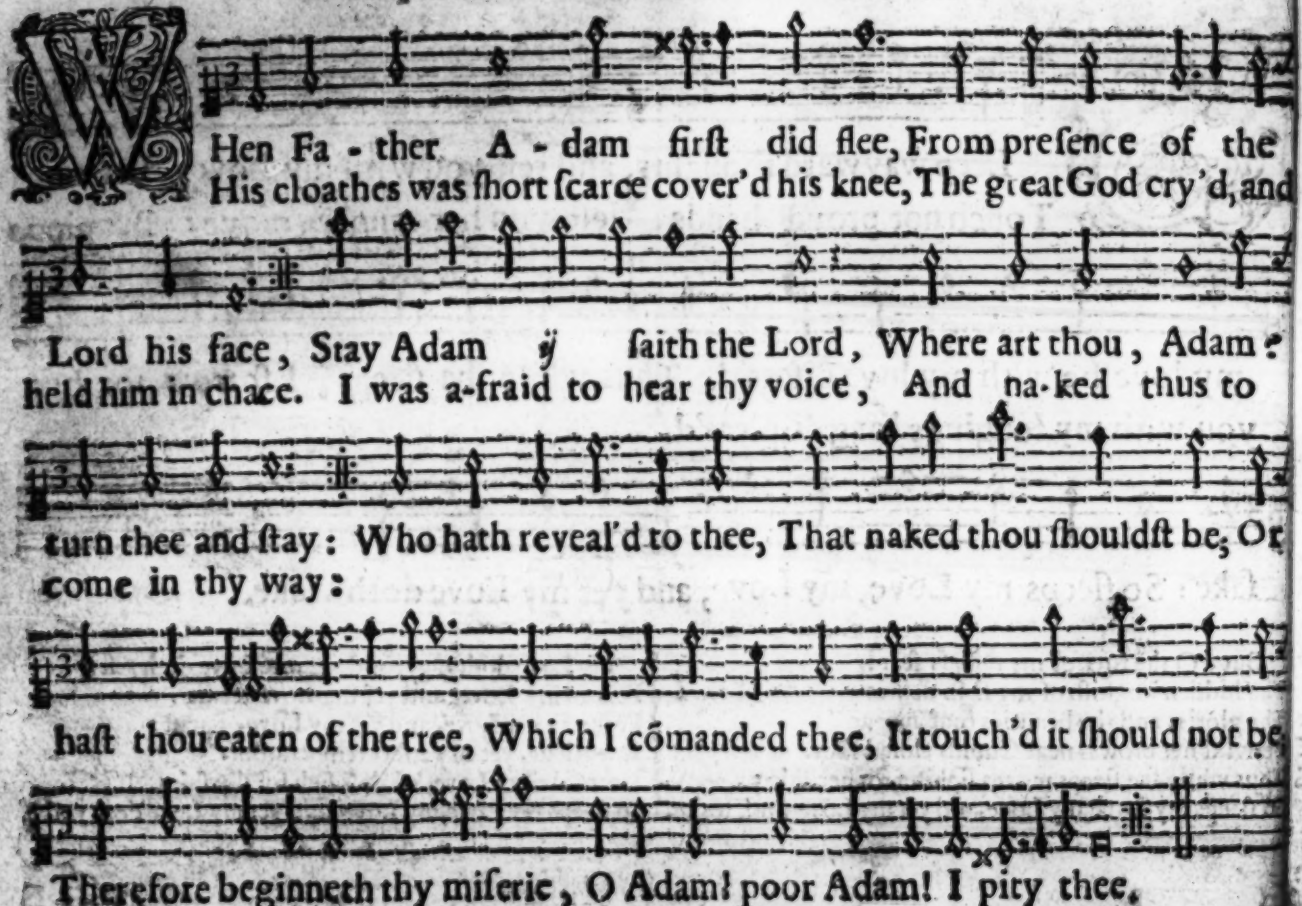
SLeep wayward thoughts, and reſt you with my Love: Let not
Touch not proud hands, leſt you her anger move: But pine
my love be with my love diſeas'd. Thus while ſhe ſleeps, I ſorrow for her,
you with my longings long diſpleas'd.
ſake: So ſleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my reſtleſs fear!
The hidden anguiſh of my fleſh deſires
The glories and the beauties that appear
Betwixt her brows, near Cupids cloſed fires.
Thus while ſhe ſleeps moves ſighing for her ſake;
So ſleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

My Love doth rage, and yet met Love doth reſt;
Fear in my Love, and yet my Love ſecure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my Love oppreſt:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperatour.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I ſigh for thy ſake.
So ſleeps my Love, my Love, and yet my Love doth wake.

FINIS.

THE XXI. SONG.


When Fa-ther A-dam firſt did flee, From preſence of the
His cloathes was ſhort ſcarce cover'd his knee, The great God cry'd, and
Lord his face, Stay Adam ij ſaith the Lord, Where art thou, Adam?
held him in chace. I was a-fraid to hear thy voice, And na-ked thus to
turn thee and ſtay: Who hath reveal'd to thee, That naked thou ſhouldſt be; Or
come in thy way:
haſt thou eaten of the tree, Which I cõmanded thee, It touch'd it ſhould not be,
Therefore beginneth thy miſerie, O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

The Woman which thou gave to me
To be my helper, as I thought,
Did eat, and also counsel'd me,
Which now, alace! is dearly bought.
The Serpent false hath me beguil'd,
That rebel to thy Majesty;
For to have us and ours exyl'd,
With his rebellious company.
That is no excuse
To leave the Lord, and use
The counsel of thine enemie;
Blest freedom to refuse,
Soul and body to abuse:
Pity, O Adam! I pity thee:
O Adam! poor Adam! I pity thee.

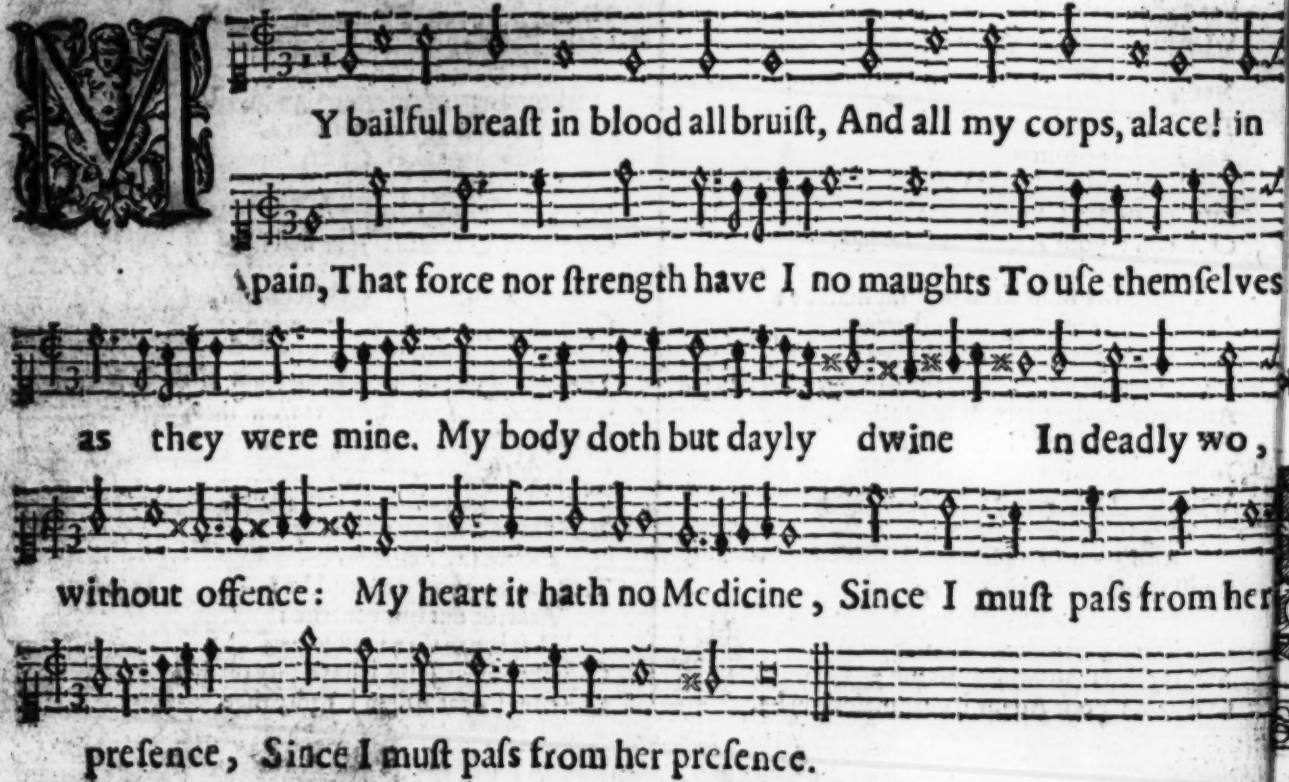
Yet for thy fault thou punisht shalt be;
And in place of pleasure and ease,
Nothing but labor shal be to thee:
Thy meat win with sweat and disease.
And thou, O Eve! in stead of mirth,
And pleasant Paradice preclair,
In grievous pains shal be thy birth,
With many a sigh and groan full sair:
Yet from thine enemie,
And Satans cruelty,
I will surely ay set thee free,
If thou wilt turn to me,
Obey and thankful be:
Surely thou shalt be dear to me:
O Adam! poor Adam! dear shalt thou be.

But thou, the Serpent that did go
So sliely up upon the field,
Shal on thy belly creep also;
The dust shal be thy meat and bield:
Cursed shalt thou be for ever,
Enemy to the womans seed:
He shal prevail, but thou shalt never;
For he shal bruise thee on the head;
And shal restore again,
From death and endless pain,
My servant David to be with me,
Where he shal ay remain
With me his Soverain,
In joy and bliss eternally:
O Adam! O Adam! thus shal it be.

Away went Satan most discontent,
Christ being promis'd for to reign:
And metamorphos'd his intent,
Through power of his mighty King.
Our freedom, Lord, we have from thee,
That bowels of mercy powred out
Upon thy whole posterity,
Of thy free grace withoutten doubt.
Therefore we all humbly
Intreat thy Majestie,
That we may ever thankful be;
And for our sins contrite:
Praying to thee most sweet,
O Jesus! dear Jesus! have pity on me,
O Adam! dear Adam! I pity thee.

FINIS.

THE XXII. SONG.



Uncertain of the time and place,
When that we two ſhould meet again:
No force of all yet gave her grace,
Would once relieve me of my pain.
Alace! fair words are but a train,
And ſerves thy body but a ſpace,
Without good hope, time's ſpent in vain:
I ſay no more, but oft, helas!

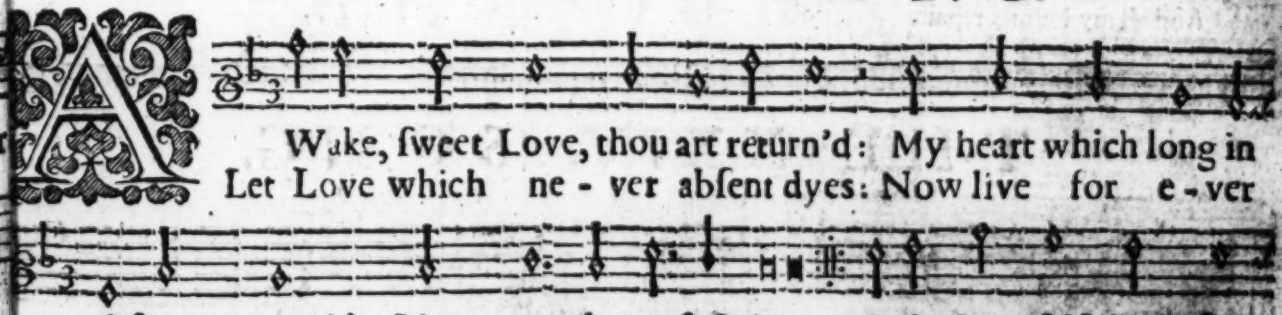
Alace! that ever I ſaw her face,
Or had it in rememberance.
Alace! that ever I knew the place,
Where firſt we made our acquaintance.
Wo worth the love of ignorance,
To love where no love can abide.
Wo worth the framed ignorance,
Since dol'rous death muſt be my guide.

Albeit as yet I ſuffer pain,
Not all is vain, my time is ſpent:
For ſhe that hath my faithful heart,
Would heart out of my bowels rent,
And alter many wits content.
Who liſts to look on her a ſpace,
Was nev'r beauty more excellent,
But may be ſeen into her face.

And yet ſuppoſe my heart were free
At liberty but any pain,
It were impoſſible to me,
But it would ſoon return again
To her with whom it did remain,
Above all earthly wigth alive.
Sweet heart, relieve me of my pain:
Relieve me, or I end my life.

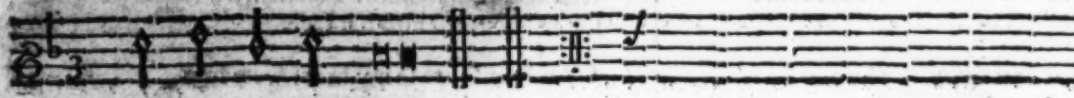
FINIS.

THE *XXIII.* SONG.



med

med fair, She only I could love, She only drew me to diſpair, When
to die, That I my joys might end. She only which did make me flee, My



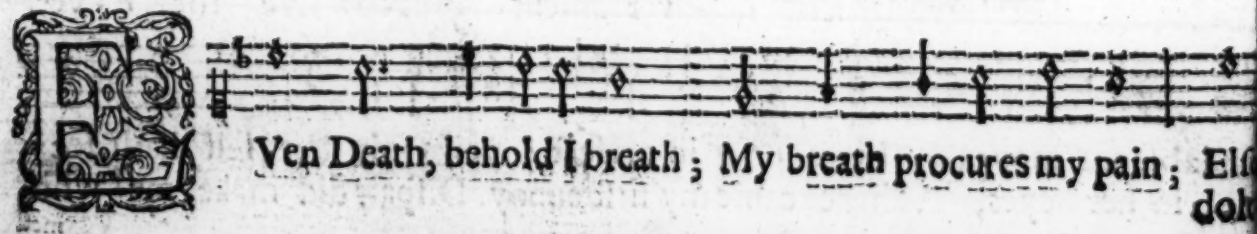
ſhe unkind did prove.
ſtate may now a-mend.

If ſhe eſteem thee now ought worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth
Which ſo diſpair hath prov'd.
Diſpair hath proved now in me,
That love will not unconſtant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.
If ſhe at laſt reward my love,
And all my harmes repair.

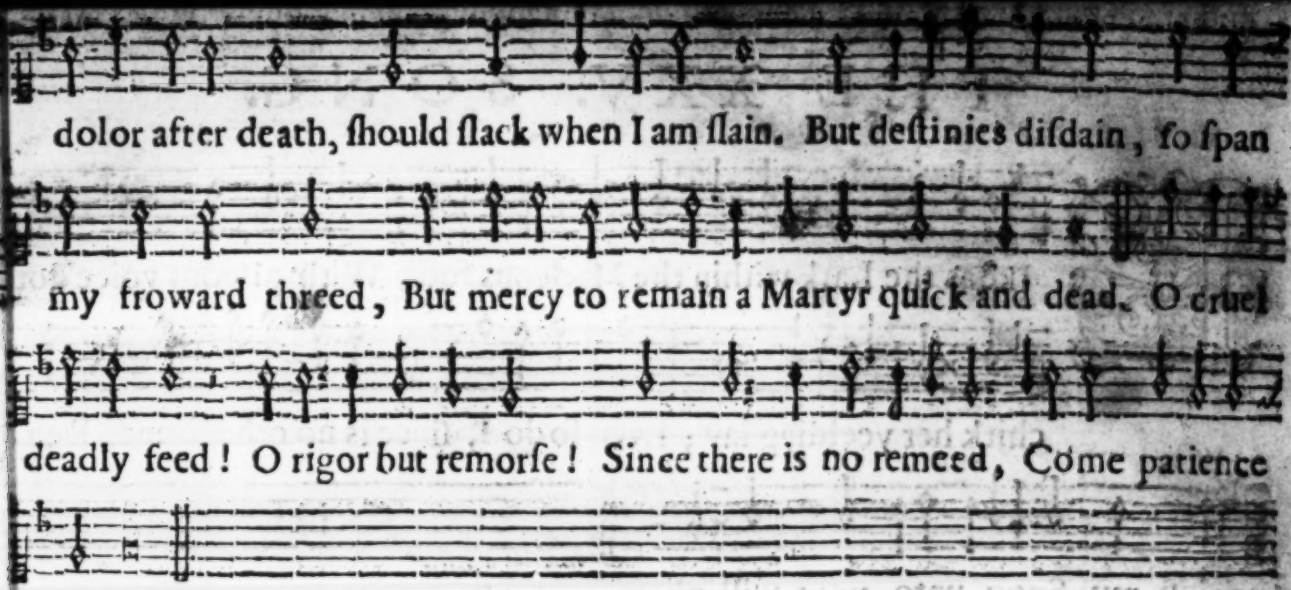
Thy happineſs will ſweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep diſpair:
And if that now thou welcome be,
When thou with her do'ſt meet;
She all this while but play'd with thee,
To make thy joyes more ſweet.

FINIS.

THE XXIV. SONG.



EVen Death, behold I breath; My breath procures my pain; Elſe dol



The Fates; my froward Fates,
With wicked wierds have wrought
My ſtate of all eſtates,
Unhappieſt to be thought.
Have I offended ought,
Or wrought againſt their will;
But mercy then they might
Conclude my corps to kill:
But as they have no skill
Of reaſon, nor regard,
The innocent and ill,
Receives a like reward.

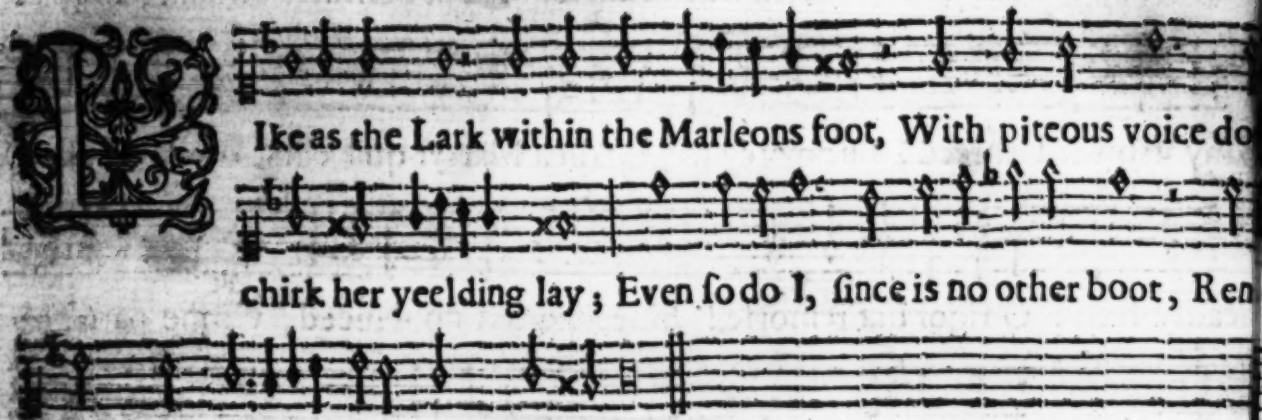
My heart but reſt or rove,
Reuth, reaſon or reſpect,
With fortuns death and love;
Is keeped under check,
That now there is no neck,
Nor draught to make debate;
But needs muſt burſt and break,
For love muſt have his mate:
Relief, alace! is late,
Since I am forc'd to flie;
I ſtand in ſtrange eſtate;
I love, I dwyn, I die;

Yet time ſhal try my truth,
And painful patient part;
Though love would rage but reuth,
And death with deadly dart
Should ſtay to cure my ſmart,
On fortunes fickle wheel,
All ſhal not change my heart,
Which is as true as ſteel:
I am not like an Eel,
To ſlip away and ſlide;
Love, fortune, death, farewel,
Where I am bound, I'le bide.

FINIS.

THE

THE XXV. SONG.



Your vertue mounts above my force so hie,
That with your beauties seas'd I am so sure,
That there remains resistance none in me;
But patiently your pleasure to endure.

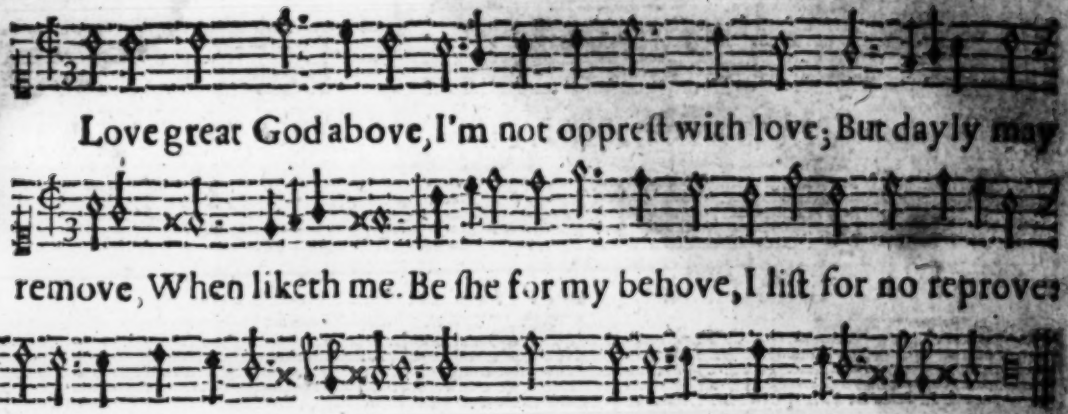
And in your will my fancie shal depend,
My life and death consists into your will;
I rather would my life were at an end,
Then in dispair this way continue still.

Wounded I am, with deadly darts dint,
Fetter'd with fetters, dispairing of relief;
Lying in langor as careful captive tint,
And ye the cause of all my wo and grief.

And since there is no pity more in place,
But that your cruelty doth thrist my blood;
I am content to have no other grace,
But let it out, if it may do you good.

FINIS.

THE XXVI. SONG.



I ſee Lovers anew,
hat are both truſt and true,
r love changes hide and hew,
And blaikned be,
hen ſhe liſts not to rew,
hy ſhould I more purſue?
when I liſt to love, I may let be,
d chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since wicked variance,
d falſe diſſimulance,
d double inconſtance
Beareth the gree:
Since faithful obſervance,
Can get no recompence:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since faith cannot be found,
Nor pity can abound,
Why ſhould I run on ground,
And cannot flee?
As good love loſt as found,
Far better looſe then bound:
Ay when I liſt to love I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me.
Since I am not her meaſe,
She is ſo ill to pleaſe,
Love doth her moſt diſeaſe,
That cannot flee.
Since as good comes as goes,
My heart yet ſhal I raiſe:
Ay when I liſt to love, I may let be,
And chooſe another Love that will
love me. FINIS.

THE XXVII. SONG.

He loweſt trees have tops, the ant her gall, The flee her ſplen, the little ſpark its heat: The ſlender hairs caſt ſhadows, tho but ſmal: and bees have ſtings, although they be not great. Seas have their courſe, and ſo have little ſprings; And love is love in beggers as in Kings.

Where waters ſmootheſt are, deep are the foonds:
The dyal ſturs, yet none perceives it move:
The firmeſt faith is in the feweſt words:
The turtles cannot ſing, and yet they love:
True hearts have eyes and ears, no tongue to ſpeak;
They hear, and ſee, and ſigh, and then they break.

The Anſwer.

Buſhes have tops, but the Cedar greater:
A hair caſts ſhadow leſs then Pharaohs towr:
The ſpark caſts heat, but greater heat the fire.
A bee can ſting, not like a ſcorpions power.

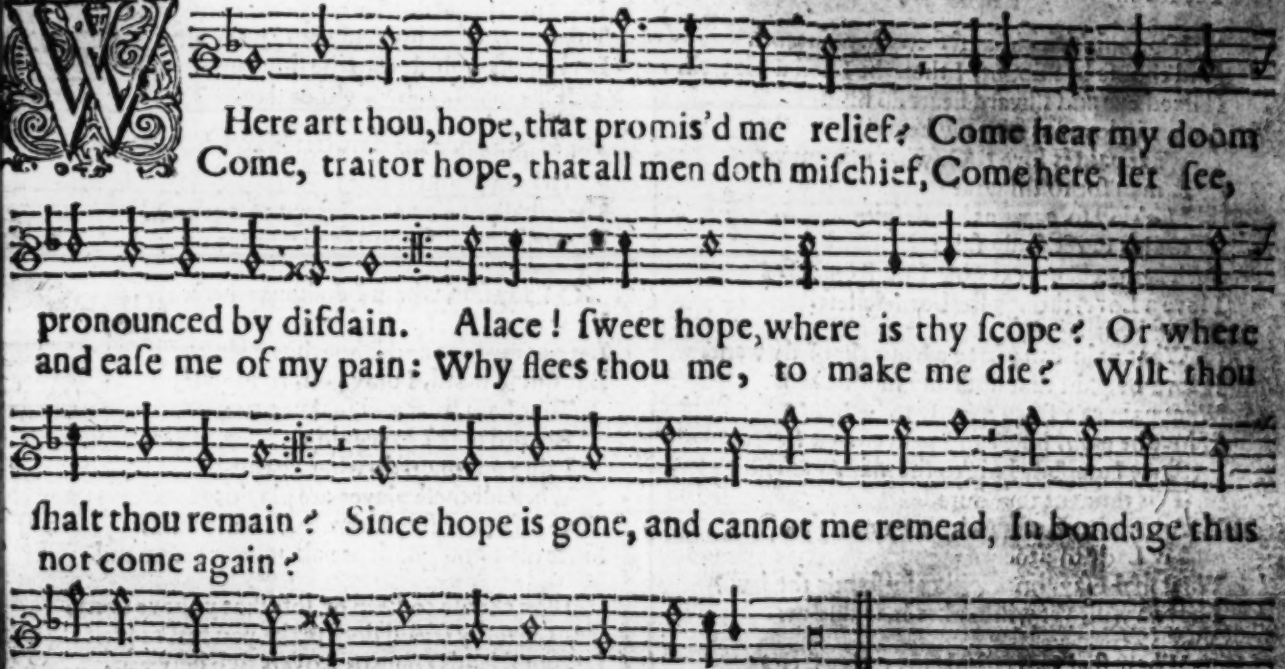
Seas have their course, and so have little springs:
So beggers love, but greater love have Kings.

Rough are deep seas, when smooth run shallow foords.
The ratt makes noise, before the dyal move.

The firmest faith is still confirm'd with words.
And turtles mourn in loosing of their love.
If hearts have eyes and ears, the tongue can speak:
They'l hear, and see, and sigh before they'l break.

FINIS.

THE XXVIII. SONG.



I had a heart, and now I heartleſs go:
I had a mind that dayly was oppreſt:
I had a friend that's now become my fo.
I had a will, yet can I get no reſt.
What have I now? nothing I trow,
But ſpite where I had joy.
What am I then? a heartleſs man:
Should love me thus deſtroy?
I love and ſerve one w om I do regard,
Yet for my love, diſdain is my reward.

If promis'd faith, and ſecret love intend,
And chooſe but doubt, I thought I had done well.
If fixed eye and inward heart do bind
A man in love, as now my heart doth feel;
What pain is love? Or what may move
A man for to diſpair?
Nothing ſo great as hie deſpite
Of his ſweet Lady fair:
Such is my chance, as now I muſt confeſs:
I love a Love, though ſhe be mercileſs.

What pain can pierce a heart that I do want,
If love be pain that doth any ſubdue?
What pain can force a body to be faint?
If love be pain, how can I pain eſchew?
Since I am faſt, knit to the maſt,
This torment to indure,
And have no might, by law nor right,
My Lady to procure:
What ſhal I ſay, ſince will gain-ſtands the law?
I have a will, yet will makes me ſtand aw.

Where ſhal I go to hide my weary face?
Where ſhal I find a place for my defence?
Where is my love, who is the meeteſt place
Of all the earth that is my confidence:
She hath my heart, till I depart,
Let her do what ſhe liſt;
I cannot mend, but ſtill depend,
And dayly to inſiſt
To purchaſe love, if love my love deſerve;
If not for love, let love my body ſterve.

Come here, ye Gods, and judge my cauſe aright;
Hear my complaint before ye me condemn:
Take you before my Lady moſt of might:
Let not the wolf devore the ſilly lamb.
If ſhe may ſay, by night or day,
That ev'r I did her wrong,
My mind ſhal be, with cruelty,
To ly in priſon ſtrong;
Then ſhal ye ſave a ſakeleſs man from pain.
Try well my cauſe, and then remove diſdain.

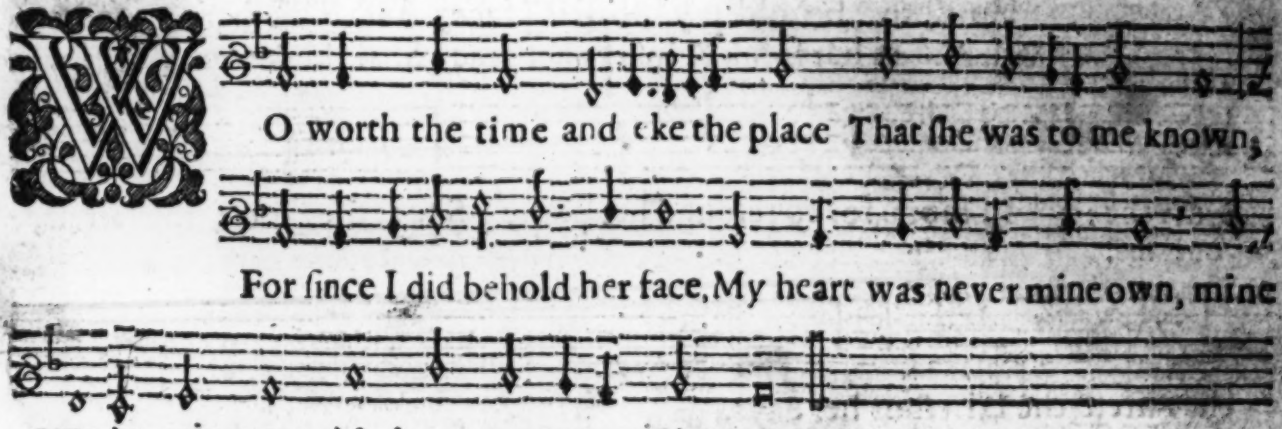
O Lady fair, whom I do honor moſt,
Your name and fame within my breaſt I have:
Let not my love and labor thus be loſt;
But ſtill in mind, I pray you, to ingraff,
That I am true, and ſhal not rue
A word that I have ſaid:
I am your man, do what ye can,
When all theſe playes are play'd;
Then ſave your ſhip unbroken on the ſand,
Since man and goods are all at your command.

Then chooſe to keep or loſe that ye have done,
Your friendly friend doth make you this requeſt:
Let not friends come us Lovers two between,
Since late deteſts caus'd you me to deteſt.

Keep

Keep hope in ſtore, you to deplore,
Conquer your friend indeed:
Remember ay, will come the day,
When friends a friends will need:
You have a friend ſo friendly and ſo true.
Keep well your friend: I ſay no more. Adieu.

THE XXIX. SONG.



Sometime I liv'd at liberty,
But now I do not ſo:
She hath my heart ſo faithfully,
That I can love no mo, no mo jo, no
That I can love no mo. (mo,

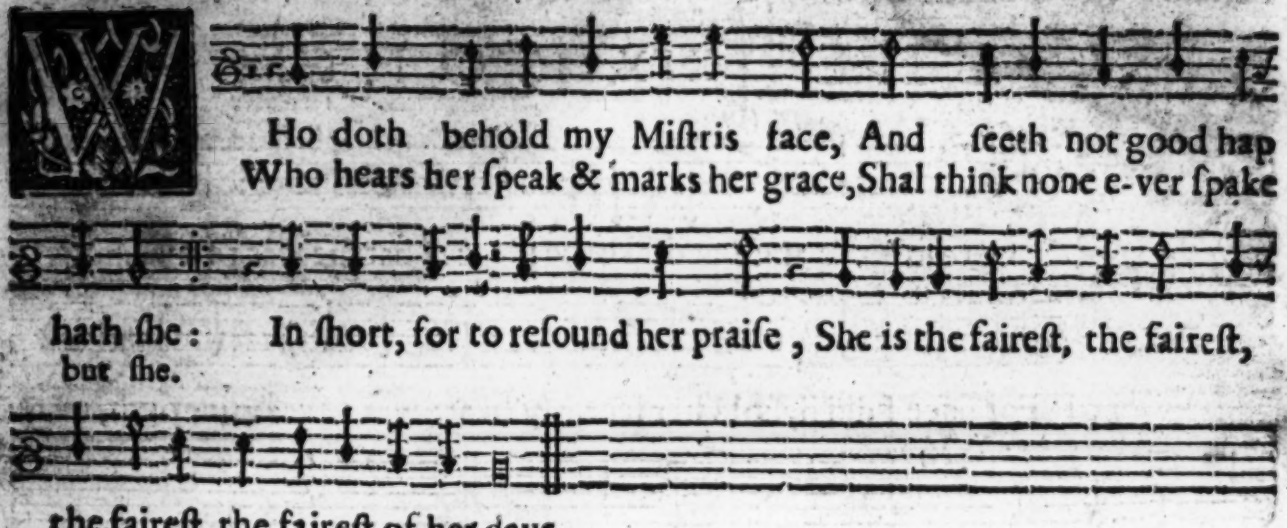
To be refus'd of love, alace!
All earthly things, adew.
My Miſtris ſhe is mercileſs,
And will not on me rue, me rue jo, me
And will not on me rue. (rue,

Now am I left all comfortleſs,
And no remead can crave:
My pains they are remeadileſs,
And all the wite you have, you have jo
And all the wite you have. (you have,

FINIS.

THE

THE XXX. SONG.



Who knows her wit & not admires,
Shal think himſelf void of all skill:
Her vertues kindles ſtrong deſires,
In thoſe who think upon her ſtill.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

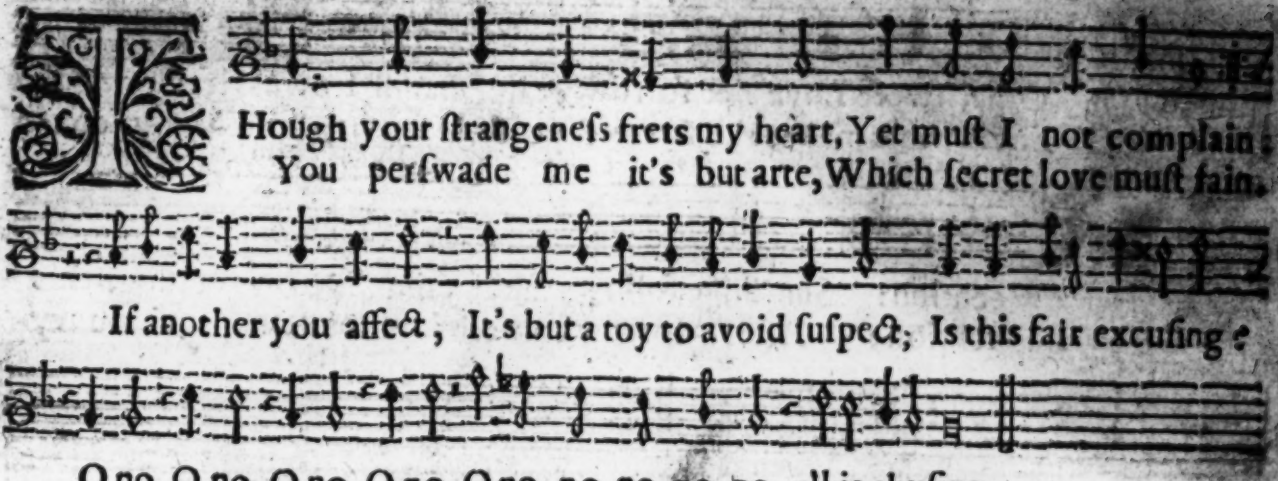
Her red is like unto the roſe,
When from a bud unto the Sun:
Her comely colors doth diſcloſe
The firſt degree of ripeneſs won.
In ſhort, for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

And with the red is mixt a white,
Like to the ſame of fair Moon-ſhine,
That doth upon the water light,
And makes the color ſeem divine.
In ſhort for to reſound her praiſe,
She is the faireſt, the faireſt, the faireſt,
the faireſt of her days.

FINIS.

THE

THE XXXI. SONG.



When your wiſht ſight I deſire,
Suſpicion ye pretend;
Cauſleſs ye your ſelf retire,
Whilſt I in vain attend:
Thus a Lover, as you ſay,
Still made more eager by delay,
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

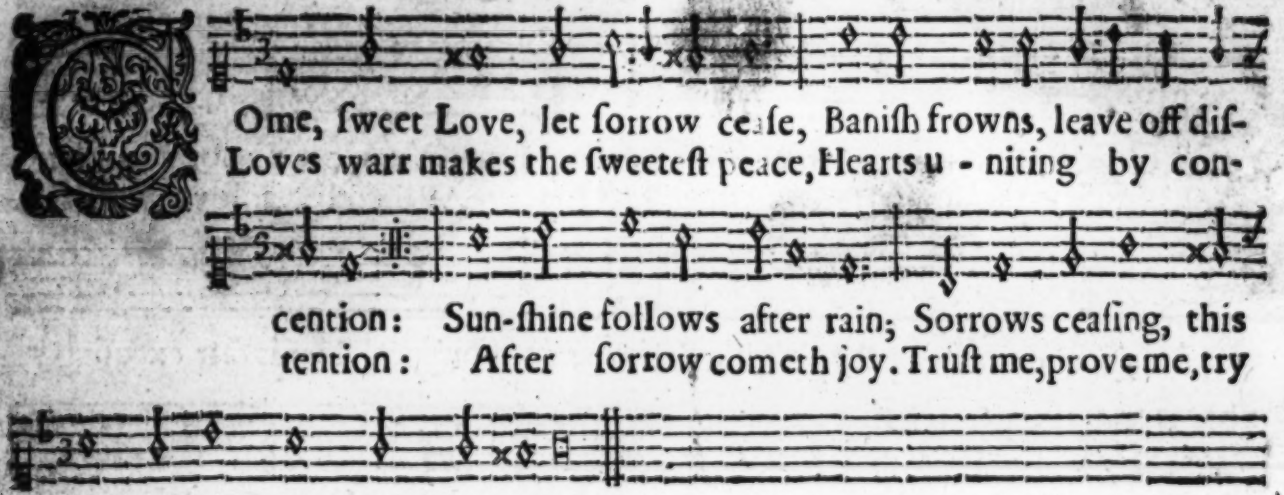
When another holds your hand,
You'l ſwear I hold your heart:
While my Rival cloſs doth ſtand,
And I ſit far apart,
I am nearer yet then they,
Hid in your boſom, as you ſay:
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

Would a Rival then I were,
Or elſe your ſecret friend;
So much leſs ſhould I you fear,
And not ſo much attend:
They enjoy you every one,
Yet muſt I ſeem your friend alone:
Is this fair excuſing?
O no, O no, O no, O no,
O no, no, no, no, no,
All is abuſing.

FINIS.

THE

THE XXXII. SONG.



COme, ſweet Love, let ſorrow ceaſe, Baniſh frowns, leave off diſ-
Loves warr makes the ſweeteſt peace, Hearts u - niting by con-
cention: Sun-ſhine follows after rain; Sorrows ceaſing, this
tention: After ſorrow cometh joy. Truſt me, prove me, try
is pleaſing, All proves fair again.
me, love me, This will cure annoy.

Winter hides his froſty face,
Bluſhing ever to be more moved:
Spring returns with pleaſant grace:
Flora's treaſures are renewed.
Lambs rejoice to ſee the Spring;
Leapping, skipping, ſporting, tripping:
Birds for joy do ſing.
Let your ſprings of joy renew:
Colling, clapping, kiſſing, bleſſing,
And give Love his due.

See this bright ſhine of thine eyes
Clouded now with dark diſdaining:
Shal ſuch ſtormy tempeſts riſe,
To ſet Loves faire day a raining?
Men are glad the sky being clear,

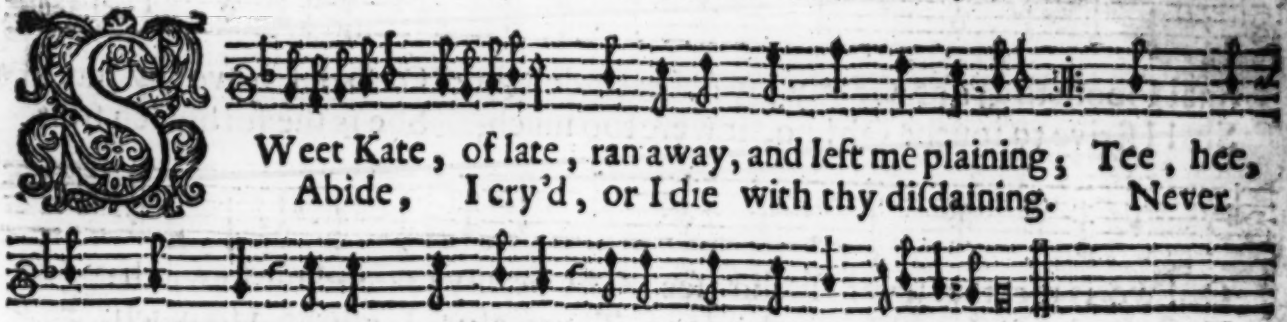
Lightly

Lightly toying, ſporting, joying
With their lovely pier:
But are ſad to ſee the ſhour
Sadly dropping, louring, pouting,
Turning ſweet to ſour.

Then, ſweet Love, diſperſe this cloud,
Which procures this woful toying:
When each creature ſings aloud,
Killing hearts with over-joying:
Every Dove doth ſeek her mate;
Iointly billing, ſhe is willing,
Sweets of love to take.
With ſuch warrs let us contend,
Wooing, doing, wedding, bedding,
This our ſtrife ſhal end.

FINIS.

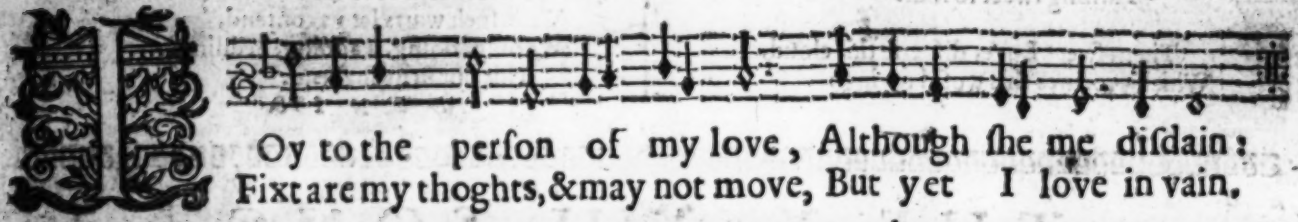
THE XXXIII. SONG.



Unkind, I find, thy delights in tormenting,
Abide, I cry'd, or I die with thy diſdaining.
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, make no fool of me;
Men, I know, will have oaths at pleaſure:
But their hopes at end, they bewray their fain'd,
And their oaths are kept at leaſure.

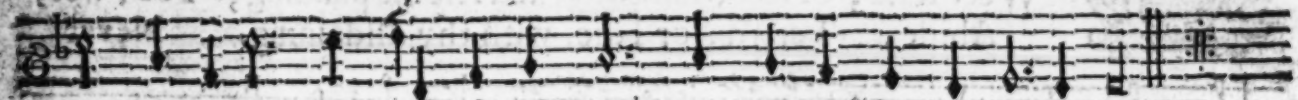
Her words like ſwords, cut my ſory heart aſunder.
Her flouts with doubts, keep my heart affectiõs under,
Tee, hee, hee, quoth ſhe, what a fool is he
Stands in aw of once denying?
Cauſe I had enough, to become more tough,
So I did a happy trying. *FINIS.*

THE XXXIV. SONG.



I Oy to the perſon of my love, Although ſhe me diſdain:
Fixt are my thoghts, & may not move, But yet I love in vain.

Shal I looſe the ſight Of my joy & hearts delight? Or ſhal I leave my ſute?
Shal I ſtrive to touch? Oh! no, it were too much; She is the forbidden fruit.



Oh! wo is me, that ever I did ſee, The beauty that did me bewitch:
Yet out, alace! I muſt forgo that face, The treaſor I eſteem'd ſo much.

O! ſhal I range into ſome dale?
Or to the mountains mourn?
Sad echoes ſhal reſound my tale;
Or whether ſhal I turn?
Shal I buy that love,
No life to me will give,
But deeply wounds my heart?

If I flee away,
She will not to me ſay, ſtay,
My ſorrows to convert.
O no, no, no, ſhe will not once ſay ſo;
But comfortleſs I muſt be gone:
Yet though ſhe be ſo chrawart unto me,
I'le love her, or I ſhal love none.

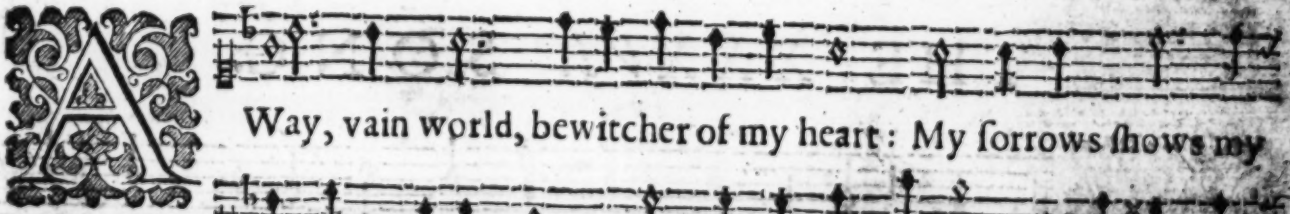
O! that

O! that I might but understand
The reasons of her hate,
To him would be at her command,
In love, in life, in state:
Then should I no more
In heart be griev'd so sore,
Nor sad with discontent.
But since that I have lov'd
A Maid that so hath prov'd
Unworthy, I do repent.
Something unkind hath setled in her mind,
That caused her to leave me so:
Sweet, seem to me but half so kind to be,
Or let me the occasion know.

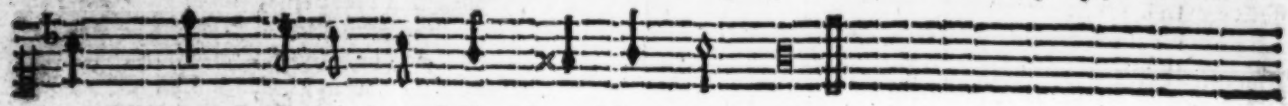
Thousand fortuns fall to her share,
Though she rejected me.
And fill'd my heart full of dispair,
Yet shal I constant be.
For she is the Dame
My tongue shal ever name,
Fair branch of modestie,
Chaste of heart and mind.
Oh! were she half so kind,
Then would she pity me.
Sweet, turn at last, be kind as thou art chaste,
And let me in thy bosom dwel;
So shal we gain the pleasure of loves pain:
Till then, my dearest Love, Farewell.

FINIS.

THE *XXXV.* SONG.



repair. He hath mercy ay, therefore will I pray: He hath mercy ay, and loves



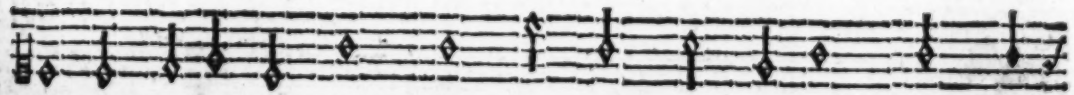
me, Though by his humbling hand he proves me.

Away, away, too long thou haſt me ſnar'd:
I will not ſpend more time: I am prepar'd.
Thy ſubtil ſlights ſo ſlie, they have deceived me:
Though they ſweetly ſmile, ſliely they beguile:
Though they ſweetly ſmile, forget them:
The ſimple ſilly ſoul rejects them.

Once more, away, though loath the world to leave,
Biddeth oft away with that helliſh ſlave.
Loath am I to forgo, that ſweet alluring ſo.
Though thy ways be vain, ſhal I thee retain?
Though thy ways be vain, I quite thee:
Thy pleaſure ſhal no more delite me.

FINIS.

THE *XXXVI.* SONG.

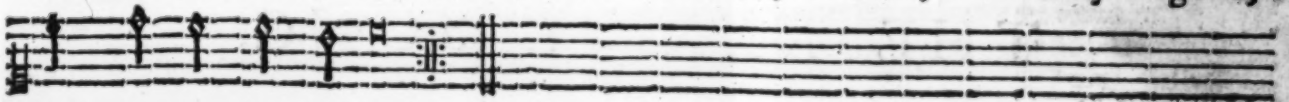


Hen May is in her prime, Then may each heart rejoice. When May
the lively ſap creeps up In - to the blooming thorn. The flowrs

is

is busk'd with branches green, Each bird ſets forth her voice: All natures imps
from cold is preſent kept, Doth laugh the froſt to ſcorn.

triumphs while joyful May doth laſt. Take May in time, when May is gone,



The pleaſant time is paſt.

May makes the chearful hew.
May breeds and brings new blood.
May marcheth throghout every limb.
May makes the merry mood.
May pricketh tender hearts,
Their warbling notes to tune.
Full ſtrange it is that ſome we ſee,
Do make their May in Iune.
Thoſe things are ſtrangely wrought,
While joyful May doth laſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.

All ye that live on earth,
And have your May at will,
Rejoice in May, as I do now,
And uſe your May with skill:
Uſe May when that ye may,
For May hath but a time.
When all the fruit is gone, it is
Too late the tree to climb.
Your liking and your luſt,
Is freſh while May doth laſt.
Take May in time, when May is gone,
The pleaſant time is paſt.
Take May, &c.

The Second Part.

WHen time and ſpace is ſpent,
Then may each heart be fear'd:
Whē beyōd time the Judge ſhal come
In wrath, what ſtrength can bear't:
Then Judges all perverſe,
Shal ſigh that they were born,
When caſt in everlaſting fire,
Becauſe the truth they ſcorn.
All Natures imps ſhal mourn,
When wealth and eaſe is paſt.
Take time in time, when time is gone,
Eternity comes laſt.
Take time in time, when time is gone,
Eternity comes laſt.

In time well ſpent, rejoice,
For that's the way to reſt.
Time is that point wherein the Lord
Hates evil, and loves the beſt.
Pray for a tender heart:
Bear here your grief and pain:

For

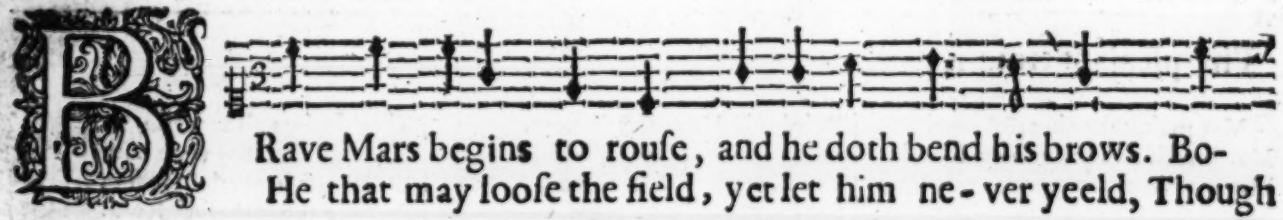
For time it is that many are,
Who ſpend their life in vain.
That things be ſtrangely wrought,
Before all time is paſt.
Though time be now, it ſhal not be,
Eternity comes laſt,
Though time, &c.

All ye that be in time,
And hath your time but ſhort,
Redeem your time, as God cõmands;
I humbly you exhort:
Uſe time while ye have time,
For time will have an end:
When all your life-time ſhal be ſpent,

It is too late to mend.
Your liking and your luſt
Shal ceaſs when time is paſt:
Spend well your time, when time is (gone,
Eternity comes laſt.
Spend well your time, when time is (gone,
Eternity comes laſt.

FINIS.

THE *XXXVII.* SONG.



Rave Mars begins to rouſe, and he doth bend his brows. Bo-
He that may looſe the field, yet let him ne-ver yeeld, Though
reas burſts out in blows, great Etnaes fire. When canons are roaring, and
thouſands ſhould be kill'd, let ſouldiers try it.
bullets are flying, He that would honor win, muſt not fear dying.

Though

Though *Conſtantin* be dead,
who left us honor,
And taught brave Chriſtian Kings,
under his banner.
Pagans amazed ſtood,
in a great wonder,
To ſee brave Chriſtians come,
like claps of thunder.
When Canons, &c.

Rais'd are the Worthies nyne,
and now aſcending;
Ev'n by a power divyne,
now peace is ending:
So many Chriſtian Kings
with them to enter,
Againſt their fierceſt foes:
that's brave adventure.
When Canons, &c.

Souldiers with ſwords in hands,
to the walls coming,
Horſe-men about the ſtreets,
ryding and running:
Sentinells on the walls,
arme, arme, a crying,
Pittards againſt the ports,
wyld fire a flying.
When Canons, &c.

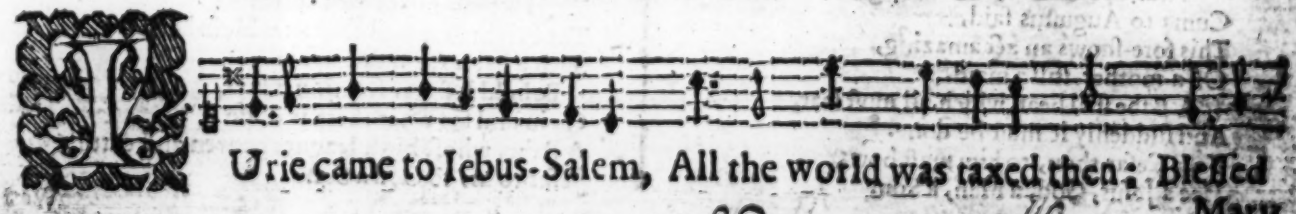
Trumpets on turrets hye,
theſe are a ſounding,
Drums beating out alowd,
echoes reſounding:
Alarm-bells in each place,
they are a ringing,
Women with ſtones in laps,
to the walls bringing.
When Canons, &c.

Captains in open fields,
on their foes ruſhing,
Gentlemen ſeconds them,
with their Picks puſhing,
Ingyniers in the trench
earth, earth uprearing,
Gun-powder in the mynes,
Pagans upblowing.
When Canons, &c.

Portculzies in the ports
they are down letting,
Burgers comes flocking by,
too their hands ſetting:
Ladders againſt the wall,
they are uprearing,
Women great timber bogs
to the walls bearing.
When Canons, &c.

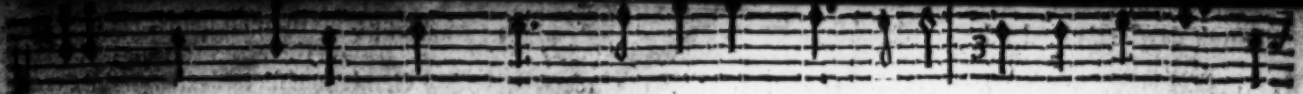
FINIS.

THE *XXXVIII.* SONG.

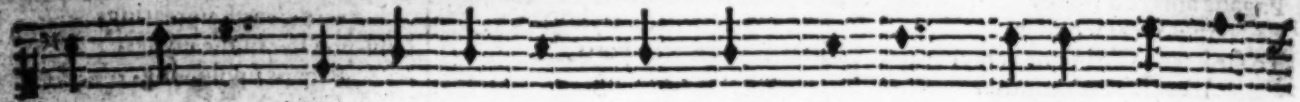


URie came to Iebus-Salem, All the world was taxed then: Bleſſed Mary

Mario M



Mary brought to Bethlehem, More then all the world again: A gift ſo bleſt, ſo



good, the beſt That e're was ſeen, was heard, or done: A King, a Chriſt,

Prophet, and Prieſt; Ieſus to us, to God a Son.

O, happy night! a day was never
Half ſo happy, ſweet and fair:
Singing ſouldiers, bleſſed ever,
Fill the skyes with ſweeteſt air.
Amaz'd men fear, they ſee, they hear,
Yet doubt, and ask, How that was done?
'Twas bid, Be bold; it is fore-told,
This night God hath himſelf a Son.

'Twas upon a Comets blazing,
Cuma to Auguſtus ſaid,
This fore-ſhows an act amazing,
Of a mother, ſtill a maid.
A Babe ſhal bear, which all muſt fear,
And ſuddenly it muſt be done.
Yea, Ceſar thou, to him muſt bow;
Hee's Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

Subtil Herod ſought to find him,
With a purpoſe black as hell:
But a greater power combyn'd him,
And his purpoſe did repell.
Who ſhould betray, do all obey,
As fitting was it ſhould be done.
They all adote, and kneel before
This Jeſus, God, a Man, a Son.

There appear'd a golden Uſher,
Kings attending on the train:
The bright Sun could not out-bluſh her;
Such a ſtar ne're ſhone again.
Behold it ſtays, ſeeming it ſays,
Go in and ſee what there is done:
A Babe, whoſe birth leagues heaven and earth:
Jeſus to us, to God a Son.

Was

Was not this a bleſſed wonder,
God was man, and Man was God:
Fooliſh Jews miſtook the thunder
Should proclaim their King abroad.
Angels they ſing, Behold the King,
In Bethlehem where this was done.
Then we as they, rejoice and ſay,
We have a Savior, God a Son.

The Second Part.

TUrn your eyes which are affixed
On this worlds deceiving things,
And with joy and ſorrow mixed,
Look upon the King of Kings;
Who left his Thron, with joys unknown;
Took fleſh like ours, like us drew breath:
For us to die, here fix your eye,
And think upon his precious death.

See him in the garden praying,
While his ſad Diſciples ſlept:
See him in the garden ſweating
Drops of blood, and how he wept.
As man he was, he wept, alace!
And trembling fear'd to looſe his breath;
Yet to heav'ns will, he yeelded ſtill:
Then think upon his precious death.

See him by the ſouldiers taken,
When with Ave, and a kiſs,
He that heav'n had quite forſaken,
Had betray'd him, and with this.

Behold him bound, and guarded rough,
To Caiphas brought to looſe his breath:
There ſee the Jews, heav'ns King abuſe,
And think upon his precious death.

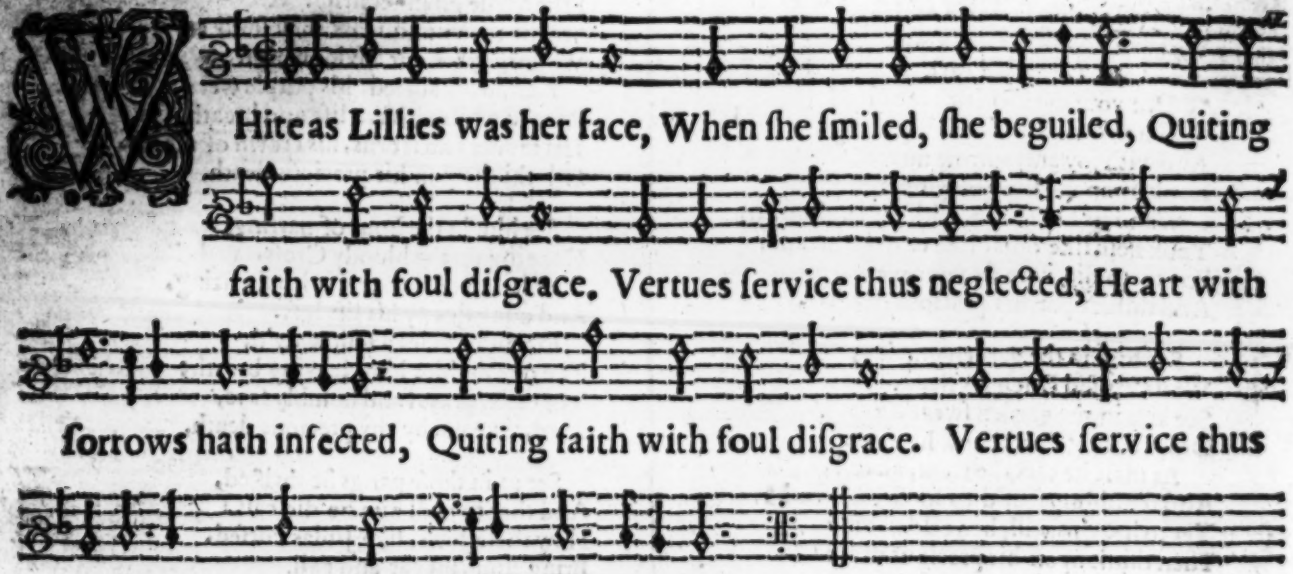
See him in the hands of Pilate,
Like a baſe offender ſtript.
See the moan and tears they ſmile,
While they ſee our Savior whipt.
Behold him bleed, his purple weed,
Record while ye have life and breath:
His taunts and ſcorns, his crown of thorns:
O! think upon his precious death.

See him in the hour of parting,
Hanging on the bloody Croſs.
See his wounds, conceive his ſmarting;
And our gain, by his lifs loſs.
On either ſide, a fellow dy'd,
The one derides him, leaving breath;
The other prays, and humbly ſays,
Lord, ſave me by thy precious death.

See as in thoſe pangs he thriſted,
And that to cool him he did call:
How theſe Jews, like Judas curſed,
Bring him vinegar and gall.
His Spirit then, to heav'n again,
Commending with his lateſt breath:
The world he leaves, which men deceives,
Lord, keep us by thy precious death.

FINIS.

THE *XXXIX.* SONG.



When I swore my heart her own,
She disdained, I complained,
Yet she left me overthrown;
Careless of my bitter groaning,
Ruthless bent to no relieving.

Vows and oaths, and faith assured,
Constant ever, changing never,
Yet she could not be procured,
To believe my pains exceeding,
From her skant neglect proceeding.

O! that Love should have the arte,
By surmises, and disguises,
To destroy a faithful heart;
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their frieds as foemen.

All

All in vain I praise thy love;
Quickly choosed, shortly loosed;
For their pride is to remove.
Out, alace! their looks first wins us,
And their pride hath straight undone (us.

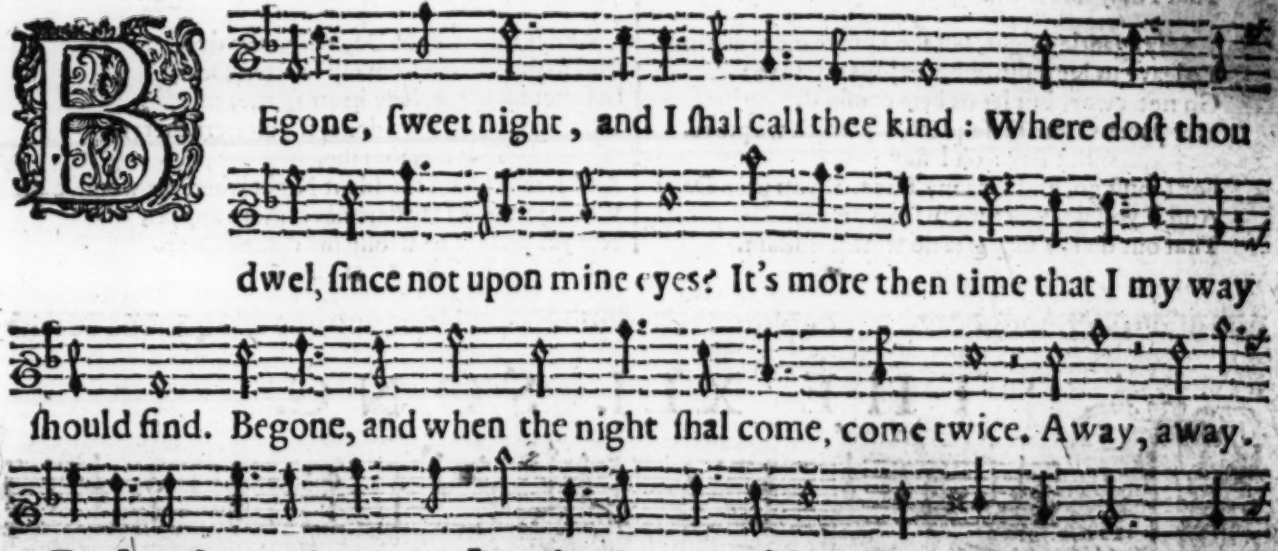
To thy self, the sweetest fair,
Thou hast wounded, and confounded
Changeless faith with foul dispair,
And my service hath envied,
And my succours hath denied.

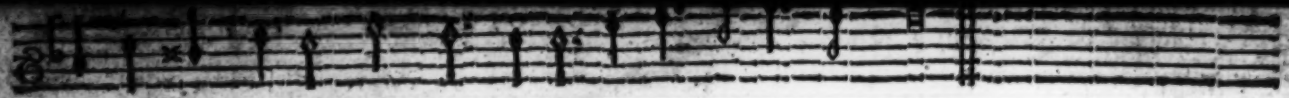
By thine error thou hast lost
Heart unfained, truth unstained,
And the Swain that loved most:
More assured in love then they,
More deep [illegible]

For my heart, though fer[illegible]
Since you will it spoil, and kill it,
I will never change my thought:
But grieve that Beauty e're was born,
To banish love with froward scorn.

FINIS.

THE XL. SONG.





art too nigh of kin, To come or go, as thy deſires have been.

Ariſe, bright Day, it's time to claim thy right;
Diſperſe the clouds; and with thy golden beams,
Both comfort me, and ſtrike the churliſh Night,
That would not go and yeeld me pleaſant dreams.
Ariſe, ariſe.
And with thy roſie fingers point me where ſhe lyes:
Teach me but once, and put me in her ſight,
That I may know who gives the greateſt light.

Stay, gentle Night, leſt thou prove more unkind,
To leave us languiſh, who enjoys our love:
Go not away, but let us here confin'd,
Nor part us from theſe pleaſures which we prove.
But ſtay: oh! ſtay:
For I muſt go, and love my Love, if you peep Day:
And if you do, you turn ſo ſoon again,
That our deſires may feel no worlds diſdain.

Let never riſing Day bereave thee of thy right,
Who can betray thee with his golden beams.
Let us enjoy thee ſtill, ſweet gentle Night,
That we may ſurfit in thoſe pleaſant dreams.
Adviſe, adviſe:
And never let the light of Day ſhine where ſhe lyes;
But if thou doſt, or let me in her ſight,
There is no doubt, ſhe gives the greater light.

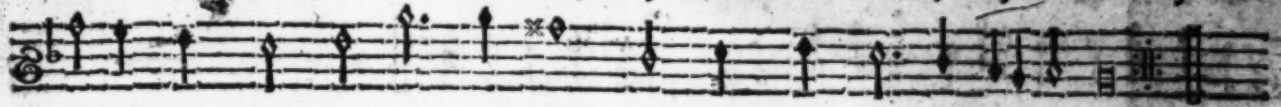
And if thou wilt to Day reſign thy due,
And ſo divorce me from my ſweeteſt Dear,
In ſecret ſilence ſhal my heart ſo rue,
Wiſhing the Day were done, if you were there;
That ſhe, that ſhe,
And I, may ſpend the ſilent Night where we would be;
Where pratling Day dare never more appear,
Nor yet preſent to wrong my deareſt Dear.

FINIS.

THE XLI. SONG.

Here is a thing that much is us'd, It's called Love, with men abus'd:
They

They wrigh, and ſigh, and ſwear they die; When all is done, they know they lie.

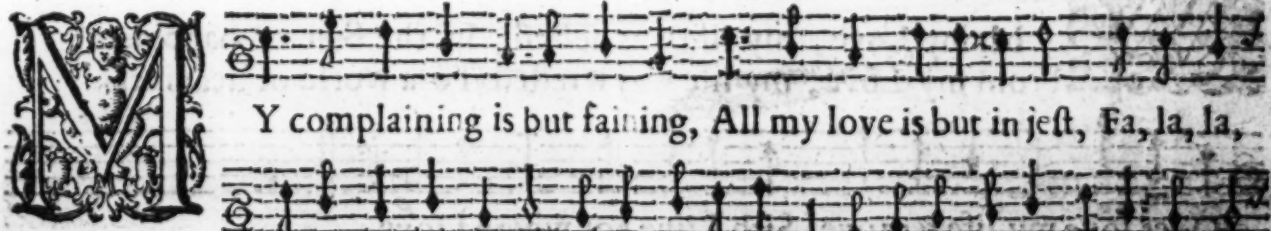


But let them ſwear by faith and truth, I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

They firſt muſt have a Miſtris fair,
And then her favor for to wear:
And ſo they go to flatteries ſchool,
And calls her wife, they know a fool:
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

It is a practiſe in this Age,
To lay their credit into gage,
By wit, by vowes, by neat attire,
To conqueſt that they moſt deſire.
But let them ſwear by faith and truth,
I'le ſwear they care not for an oath.

THE XLII. SONG.

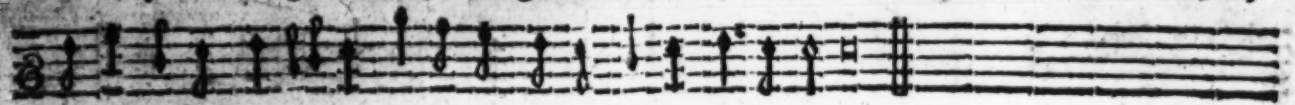


MY complaining is but fai ing, All my love is but in jeſt, Fa, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

And

And my courting is but ſporting; In moſt ſhowing, meaning leaſt. La, la, la, la,



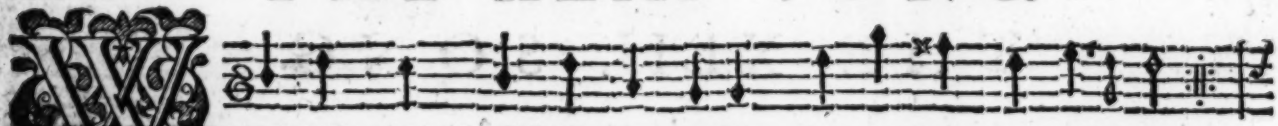
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Outward ſadneſs, inward gladneſs,
Repreſenting in my mind, Fa, la, la, &c.
In moſt faining, moſt obtaining,
Such good faith in love I find, Fa, la, la, &c.

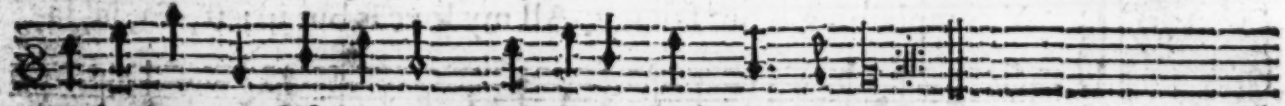
Towards Ladies, this my trade is,
Two minds in one breaſt I wear, Fa, la, la, &c.
And my meaſure at my pleaſure,
Yce and flame my face doth bear, Fa, la, la, &c.

FINIS.

THE XLIII. SONG.



With my Love, my life was neſted, In the Sun of happineſs:
From my Love, my life was wreſted To a world of heavineſs.



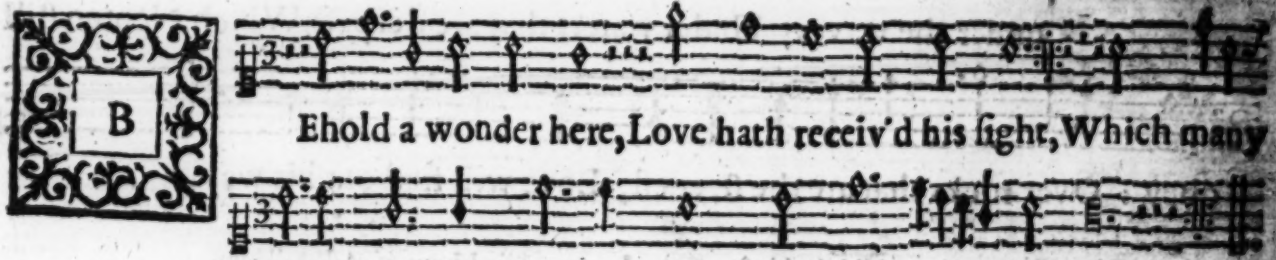
O let love my life remove, Sith I live not where I love.
O let love my life remove, Sith I live not where I love.

Where the truth once was, and is not,
Shadows are but vanities.
Showing want, that help they cannot,
Are but ſlaves of miſeries.
Painted meat no hunger feeds,
Dying life each death exceeds.

O! true Love, ſince thou haſt left me,
Mortal life is tedious:
Death it is to live without thee:
Death of all moſt odious.
Turn again, and take me with thee,
Let me die, or live you with me.

FINIS.

THE XLIV. SONG.



Such beams infuſed be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As firſt have made him ſee,
And then have made him wiſe.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while;
Nor wake for them that ſleep,
Nor ſigh for them that ſmile.

So powerful is the Beauty,
That Love doth now behold,
As Love is turn'd to duety,
That's neither blind nor bold.

This Beauty ſhows her might
To be of double kind:
In giving Love his ſight,
And ſtriking Folly blind.

FINIS.

THE

THE XLV. SONG.

Ver the mountains, and under the caves; Over the fountains, and under the waves; Under waters that are deepeſt, Which Neptun ſtill obey: Over rocks that are the ſteepeſt, Love will find out his way.

Some may eſteem him a childe by his force,
Or ſome may deem him a coward, that's worſe:
But if ſhe whom he doth honor,
Be conſenting to play,
Set twenty guards about her,
Love will find out his way.

Many do looſe him by proving unkind;
Or ſome may ſuppoſe him, poor heart, to be blind:
But if ne're ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may;
Blind Love, if ye do call him,
He will grope out his way.

Well may the Eagle ſtoup down the firſt,
Or nets to inveagle the Phenix of the Eaſt;
With tears ye may move the Tyger
To give over his prey;
But never ſtop a Lover:
Love will find out his way.

If th'earth doth part them, hee'l ſoon courſe it o're;

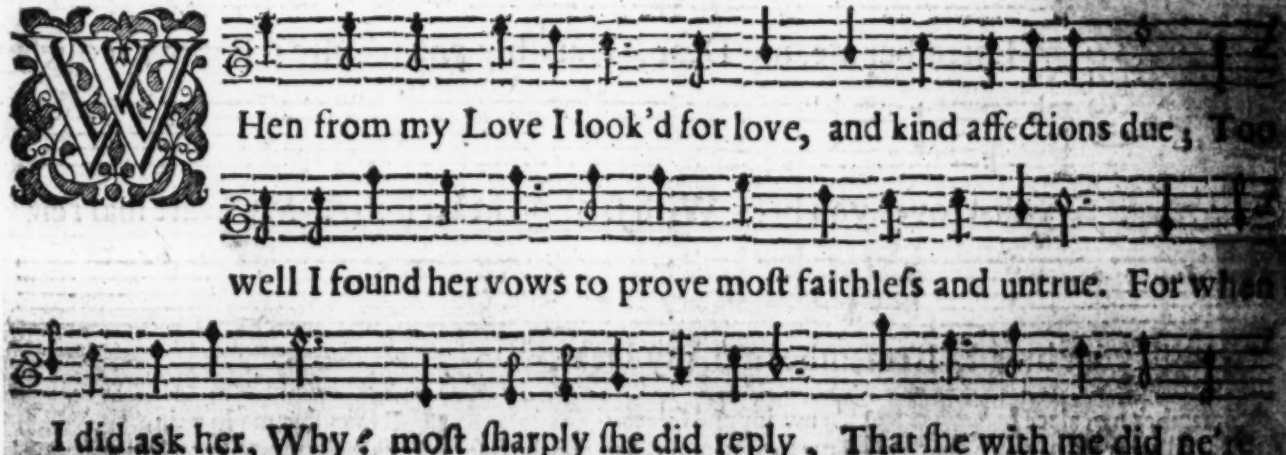
If ſeas do thwart them, hee'l ſwim to the ſhore:
If his Love become a ſwallow,
In the air for to ſtay,
Love will find wings to follow,
And ſwift flee out his way.

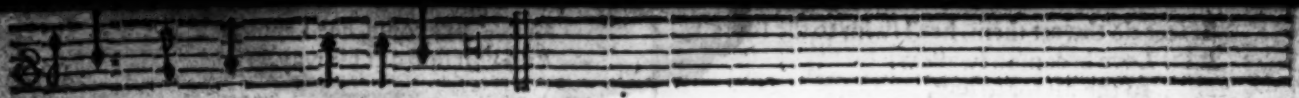
Where is no place for the glow-worm to ly,
Where is no trace for the ſeat of a flee,
Where the gnat dare never venture,
Leſt her ſelf faſt ſhe lay:
But if Love come, hee'l enter,
And will find out his way.

There is no ſtriving to croſs his intent,
There is no contriving his plots to prevent;
For if once the meſſage greet him,
That his true Love doth ſtay,
Though Demons come and meet him,
He will go on his way.

FINIS.

THE XLVI. SONG.





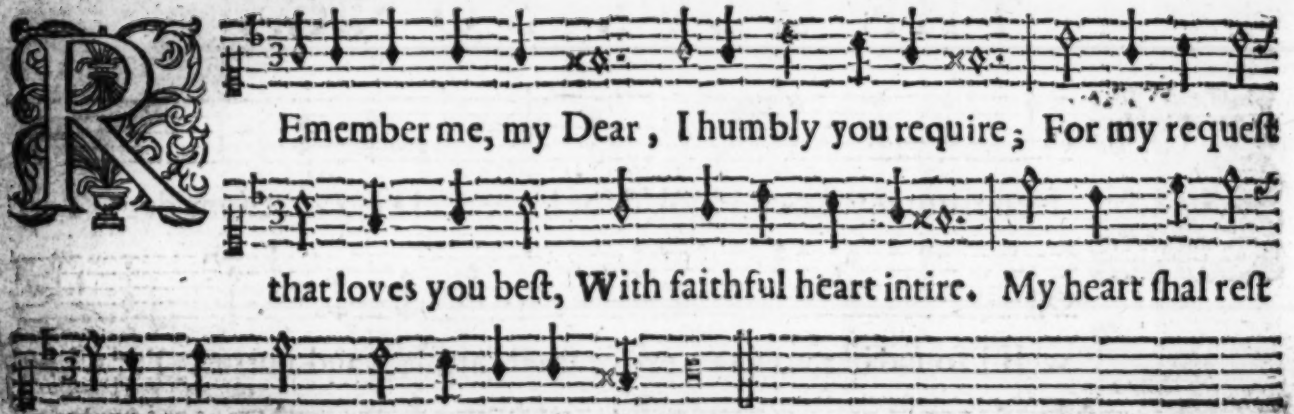
agree, to love, but jeſtingly.

Mark but the ſubtil policies
that female lovers find,
Who loves to fix their conſtancies,

like feathers in the wind.
Although they ſwear and do proteſt,
they love you chiefly beſt,

Yet by and by, they'l all deny,
and ſay, It was but jeſt.
FINIS.

THE *XLVII.* SONG.



REmember me, my Dear, I humbly you require; For my requeſt
that loves you beſt, With faithful heart intire. My heart ſhal reſt
within your breaſt, Remember me, my Dear.

Remember me, alace!
And let all rigor paſs,
That I may prove in you ſome love,

To my joy and ſolace.
True love to move, I muſt behove;
Remember me, alace!

Remember me in pain,
With unkindneſs now ſlain:
That through delay of cruel way,

That

That in you doth remain,
Remit, I say, alacel array:
Remember me in pain.

Remember on me, dear Heart,
That of pains hath my part:

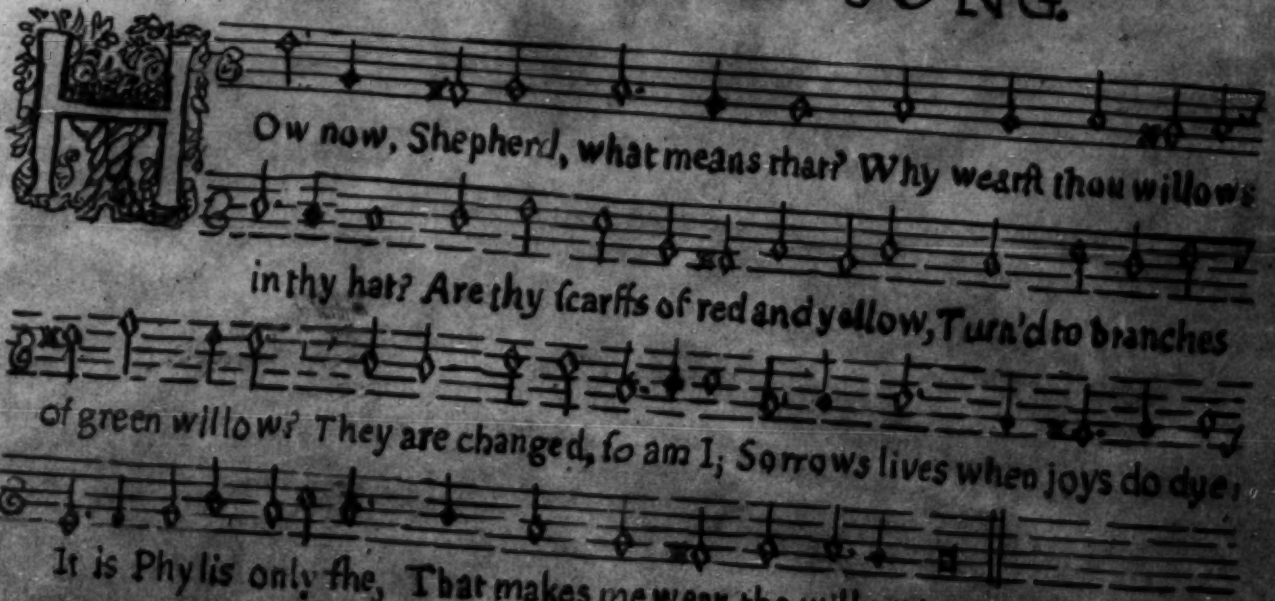
Yor words unkind sinks in my mind
And doth increase my smart:
Yet shal ye find me true and kind,
Remember on me, dear Heart.

Remember on me in thral,

Ready when I do call:
With true intent, I do consent,
Heart, mind, body, and all:
Never to repent, but to consent:
Remember on me in thral.

FINIS.

THE XLVIII SONG.



Is't the Lass that lov'd thee long?
Is it she that doth thee wrong?
She who lov'd thee long and best,
Is her love now turn'd to jest?
She who lov'd me long and best,
Bids me set my mind at rest:
She loves a new Love, loves not me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Come now, Shepherd, let us join,
Since thy Love is like to mine;
For even she I thought me true,
Hath also chang'd me for a new.
Herds-man, if thy hap be so,
Thou art partner of my woe;
Thy ill hap doth mine appease,
Company doth sorrow ease.

Is it she who lov'd thee now,
And swore her oath with solemn vow?
Faith and truth so truely plight,
Cannot be so soon neglect.

Faith and truth, vows and oaths,
Are forgot and broken both:
Cruel Phylis false to me,
Which makes me wear the willow tree.

Courage man, and do not mourn
For he who holds thy love in scorn:
Respect not them who loves not thee,
But cast away the willow tree.
For thee shal I live in pain
Phylis once was true Love mine.
Which shal ne're forgotten be,
Although I wear the willow tree.

Shepherd, be thou rul'd by me,
Cast away the willow tree;
For thy sorrow's her content,
And she is pleas'd if thou lament.
Herds man I'le be rul'd by thee,
Hate lyes grief and willow tree
Henceforth I will be as they,
That loves a new Love every day.

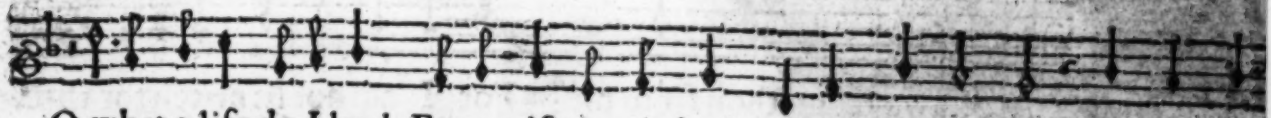
FINIS.

THE XLIX. SONG.

WILL said to his Mammie, That he would go woo: Fain would he
Soft a while, my Lammie, Stay and yee a-bide. He like a

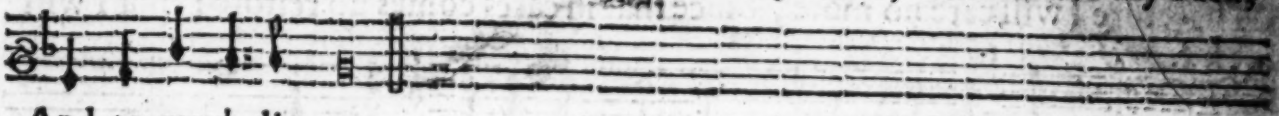
weed

wedd, But he wiſt not how. Indeed I'le have a wife, a wife, a wife.
fool as he was, reply'd.



O what a life do I lead, For a wife in my bed? I may not tell you. O there to

have a wife, a wife, a wife, O! it's a ſmart to my heart, It's a rack to my back,



And to my belly too.

Scarcely was he wedded
Full a fourt-nights ſpace,
For that he was in a heavy caſe;
Largely was he headed,
And his cheeks look'd thin:
And to repent, he did thus begin;
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! what a life do I lead,
With a wife in my bed?
I may not tell you.

O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife.
O! it's a ſmart to my heart;
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

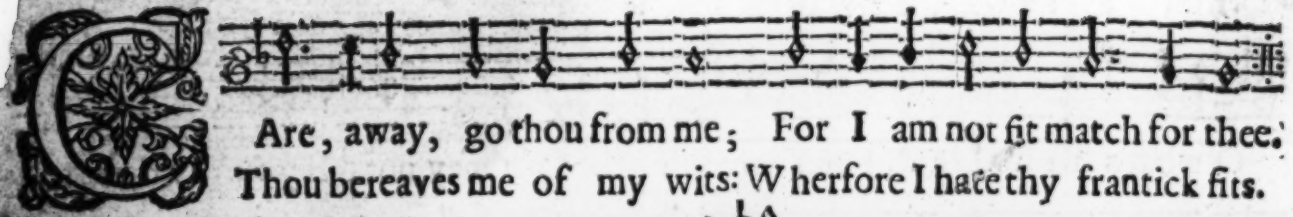
All you that be Batchelors,
Be learn'd by crying Will:
When ye are well, to remain ſo ſtill.
Better for to tarry,
And alone to ly,

Then like a fool with a fool to cry,
A fig for ſuch a wife, a wife, a wife:
O! what a life do I lead,
With a wife in my bed?
I may not tell you.
O! there to have a wife, a wife, a wife:
It's a ſmart to my heart,
It's a rack to my back,
And to my belly too.

FINIS.

THE

THE L. SONG.



Care, away, go thou from me; For I am not fit match for thee.
Thou bereaves me of my wits: Wherfore I hate thy frantick fits.

Therefore I will care no more, Since that in cares comes no reſtore: But I will

ſing, Hey down a down, a die, And caſt care away, away, from me.

If I want, I care to get:
The more I have, it doth me fret:
Have I much, I care for more:
The more I have, I think I'm poor:
Thus doth grief my mind oppreſs,
In wealth or wo, finds no redreſs.
Therefore I'le care no more, no more in vain,
For care hath coſt me mickle grief and pain.

Is not this world a ſlippry ball?
And thinks men ſtrange to catch a fall.
Doth not the ſea both eb and flow?
And hath not Fortune a painted ſhow?
Why ſhould men take care or grief,
Since that in care comes no relief?
There's none ſo wiſe but may be o're-thrown,
The careleſs may reap what the careful hath ſown.

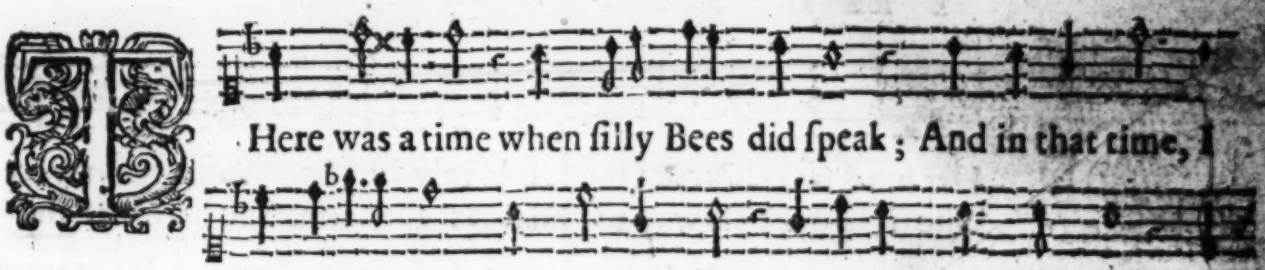
Well

Well then, learn to know thy ſelf,
And care not for this worldly pelf:
Whether thine eſtate be great or ſmal,
Give thanks to God, what e're befal;

So ſhalt thou then live at eaſe,
No ſudden grief ſhal thee diſpleaſe:
Then mayſt thou ſing, Hey down, a down, a die,
When thou haſt caſt all care and grief from thee.

FINIS.

THE LI. SONG.



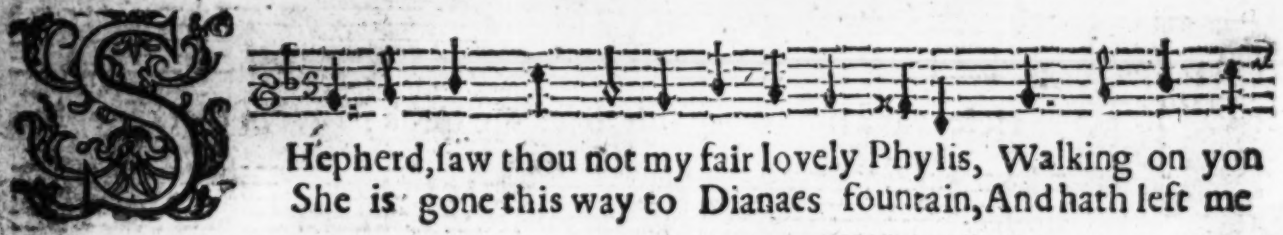
Thus

Thus ſtill I biſs'd, yet Time no ſap would give:
Why ſhould this bleſſed Time to me be dry,
Since by the ſame the laſſie dron doth live,
The waſp, the worm, the gnat, the butterflie?
Matted with grief, I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complained to the King of Bees.

My Liedge, God grant thy Time may never end,
And now vouchſafe to hear my plaint of Time:
The fruitleſs flies are found to have a friend,
Yet I caſt off, while atomies do climb.
The Prince reply'd, and ſaid; Peace, pieviſh Bee,
Thou'rt made to ſerve the Time, the Time not thee.

FINIS.

THE LII. SONG.



ſlain

ſlain me, Gentle Shepherd play a part.
other, That can eaſe me of my ſmart.

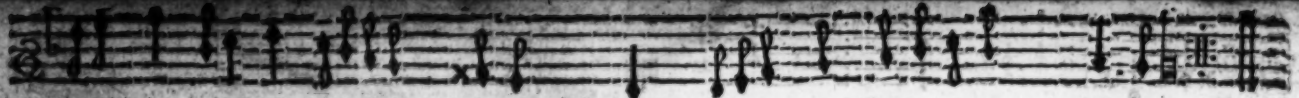
Shepherd, I have ſeen thy fair lovely Phylis,
Where her flocks are feeding by the river ſide:
Ah! I much admire, ſhe is fair exceeding,
In ſurpaſſing beauty, ſhould ſurpaſs in pride:
But, alace! I find they are all unkind:
Beauty knows her power too well:
When they liſt they love, when they pleaſe they (move;
Thus they turn their heaven to hell:
Where their fair eyes glancing,
Like to Cupids dancing,
Rules well for to deceive us,
With vain hopes deluding,
Still their praiſe concluding,
Thus they love, thus they leave us.

Thus I do diſpair, love her I ſhal never,
If ſhe be ſo coy, loſt is all my love:
But ſhe is ſo fair, I will love her ever.
All my pain is joy, which for her I prove.
If I ſhould her love, and ſhe ſhould deny,
Heavy heart with me would break:
Though againſt my will, tongue thou muſt be ſtill,
For ſhe will not hear thee ſpeak:
Then with kiſſes move her,
They ſhal ſhow I love her:
Lovely Love, be thou my guide:
But I'le ſore complain me,
She will ſtill diſdain me;
Beauty is ſo full of pride.

FINIS.

THE LIII. SONG.

Ain wold I wed a fair young Maid, that day & night could pleaſe me,
Whē my mind or bodie's griev'd, that had the power to eaſe me.



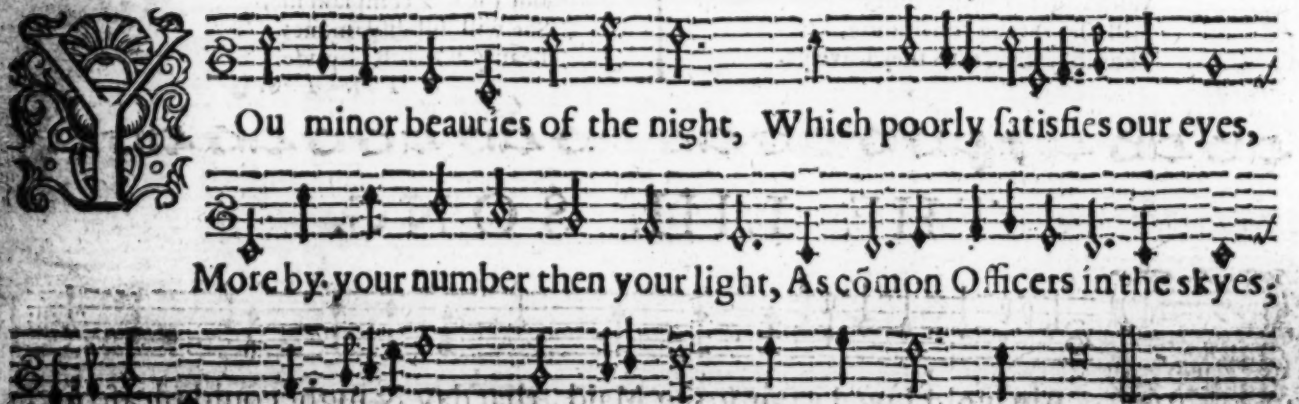
Maids are full of longing thoughts, which breeds a pain - ful ſickneſs:
And that oft I hear men ſay, is on - ly cur'd throgh quickneſs.

Oft I have been wooed, and pray'd, yet never could be moved.
Many for a day or two, I have moſt dearly loved:
But this fooliſh mind of mine, ſtraight loathes the thing reſolved.
If to love be ſin in me, that ſin is ſoon abſolved.

Surely, I think, I ſhal at laſt flie to ſome holy Order;
When I am once ſetled there, I then can flie no farther:
Yet I would not die a Maid, becauſe I had a mother:
As I was by one brought forth, I would bring forth another.

FINIS.

THE LIV. SONG.



You minor beauties of the night, Which poorly ſatisfies our eyes,
More by your number then your light, As cõmon Officers in the skyes;
What are you? what are you? What are you, when the Moon doth riſe?

You wandring Chanters of the wood,
That fills mine ears with natures layes,
Thinking your passions understood
In weaker accents, what's your praise?
What's your praise? what's your praise,
When Philomel her notes doth raise?

But, ah! pure light, pure voice, pure smel,
What are you when my Mistriss shine?
Moon, Violet, and Philomel,
Adore her all, cause she's divine,
She's divine, she's divine,
The quintessence of women kind.

You Violets that first appear
Your pride in purple garments shown,
Taking possession of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you? what are you?
What are you, when the roses bloom?

The Second Part.

YOu minor beauties of the night,
That shows your signs celestial;
More is your number then your light,
Although you were terrestrial;
What are you? what are you?
What are you, when the Moon doth rise?

You erring stars, what do you mean
To rob bright Phebus of his shine?
Or to obscure his princely light,
Turning his day in darksom night?
Leave off in time, learn to be wise,
Leave off your foolish enterprise.

You mustur number as the sand,
And some clear light you do command;
But what are you when that your Queen
With borrowed light begins to shine?
What are you both when Phebus plays
Upon the centure of his rays?

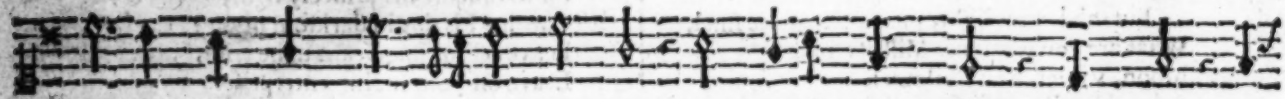
Should little streams command great seas?
Or little ants the stinging bees?
Should little birds with eagles soar?
Or little beasts with lyons roar?
No, no, not so, it is not meet,
The head should stoup down to the feet. *Finis.*

****

THE LV. SONG.

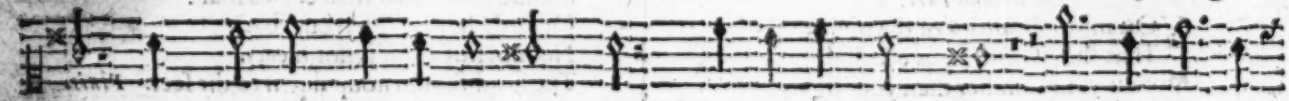
Low my tears, fall from your springs; Exil'd for ever let me
Down vain lights, shine you no more. No nights ar dark enough for

mourn, Where nights black bird her ſad infamy ſings: There let me live forlorn.
thoſe That In diſ-pair their laſt fortuns deplore. Light doth but ſhame diſcloſe.

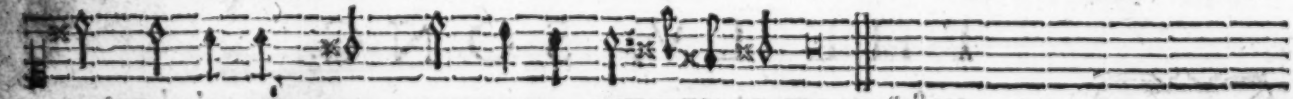


Never may my woes be re-lie-ved, ſince pitty is fled; And tears, and
From the higheſt Sphear of contentment, my fortune is thrown; And fear, and

ſighs and groans, my weary days, my weary days, of all joys have deprived:
grief and pain, for my deſerts, for my deſerts, are my hopes, ſince hope is gone



Heark you ſhadows that in darkneſs dwel, learn to contemn light. Happy, happy

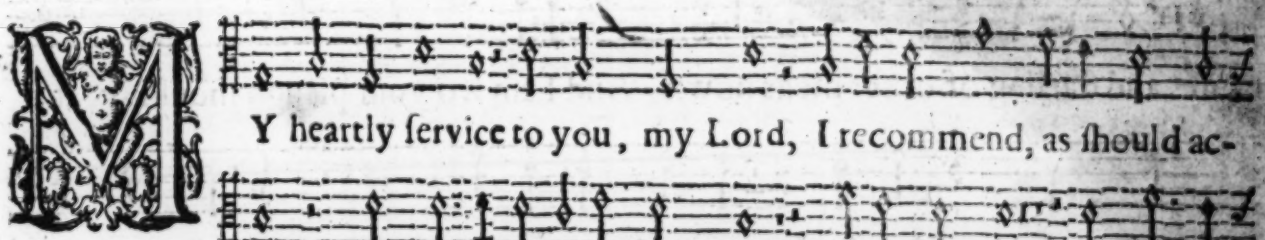


they that are in heaven, feel not the worlds deſpight.

FINIS.

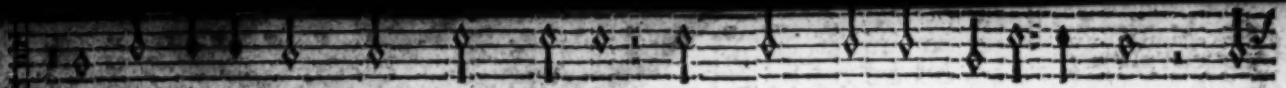
Pleugh

Pleugh-Song. Cantus. Three Voices.

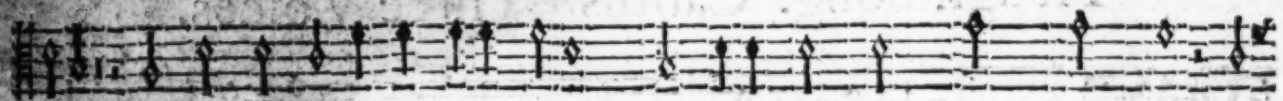


MY heartly ſervice to you, my Lord, I recommend, as ſhould accord; There is an ox into your pleugh, it is right ſo, ye ſay the ſooth, And he no longer may be drawn, but he be led, But he was never half ſo thrawn, but goeth backward: Now is he weak and wonder ſweer. I take on me, ſuppoſe ye brod him while he die, while he die, while he die.

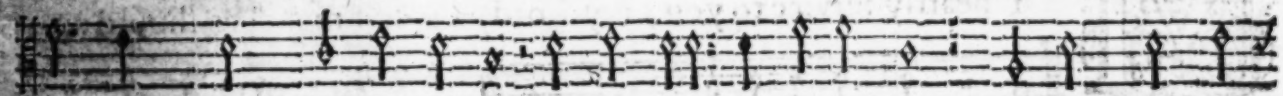
Yet



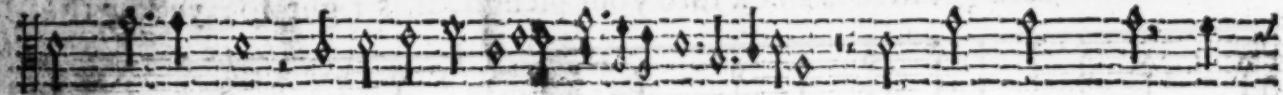
2. Yet better it were that ſome remead were found in time ere he be dead, For



cauſes and ſtarling of other mens nowts, And I am wo your pleugh ſhould ly, and

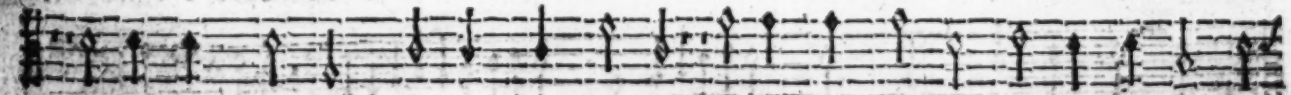


I might come, and be near by, to yoak another in his ſtead, To drug and draw



while he be dead, out of an uncouth fair leaſure, To do your Lordſhip

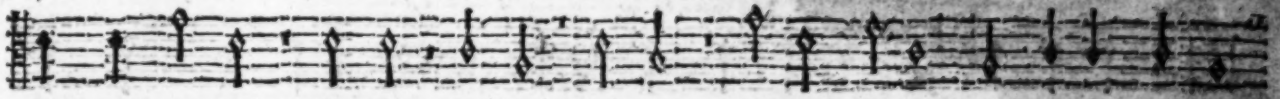
more pleaſure. And if it be your proper will gar call the hyndis all you till,



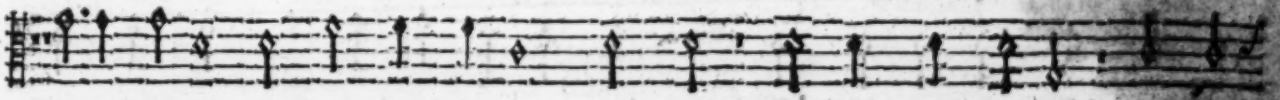
Higgin and Habken, Hankin and Rankin, Nicol and Collin, Hector and Aikin,

Martin

Martin Mawer, Michel and Morice falſe lips, Fergus, Rynaud and Guthra, Or-

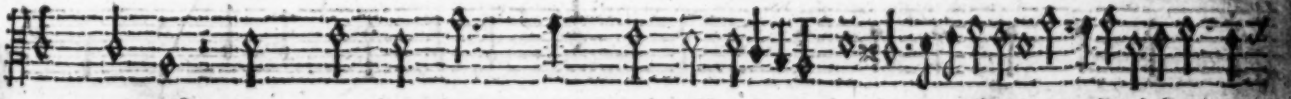


phus and Arthur, Morice, Davie, Richard, Philpie Foſter and Macky Millar,



Ruffie Tasker and his marrows all, Straboots, Tarboyes and Ganzel: All that

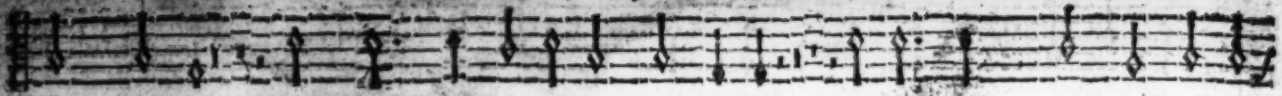
has moſt domination and paſtorie of your cõmon, ij before you, one and



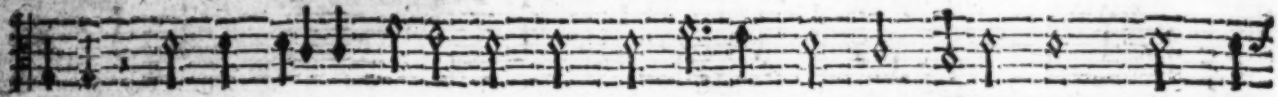
one preſent, And there to ſhow them your intent. ij ij ij ij

ij ij ij 3. Require them all if they will be apleaſed for to

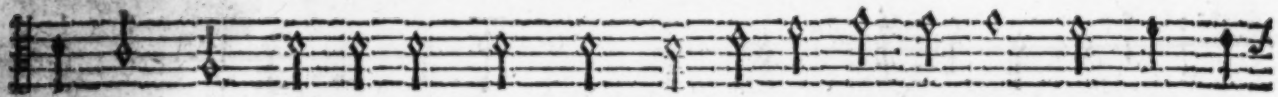
mell



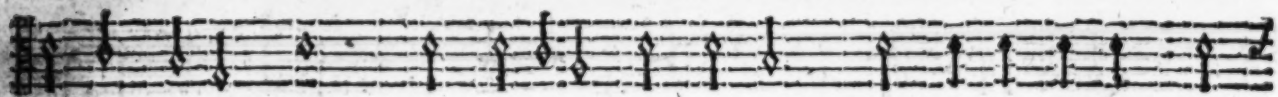
mell with me, And make me als ſo faſt and ſicker, As I were bound on with a



wicker; For to deliver me, be the hide, the old ox tryp-free, he be dead: Then ſhal

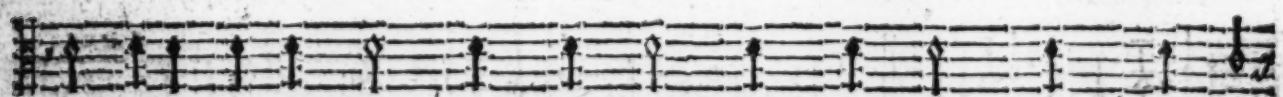


I come with God his cocks, and bring with me my fair freſh ox, with all that



belongs to the pleugh, ſoms of yron ſtark enough: The cowter and the pleugh-

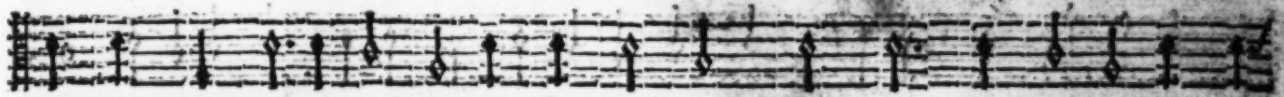
head, ſok-ſheet and mowdie bread, Rack, reſt, and the gluts, and the ſlee-band:



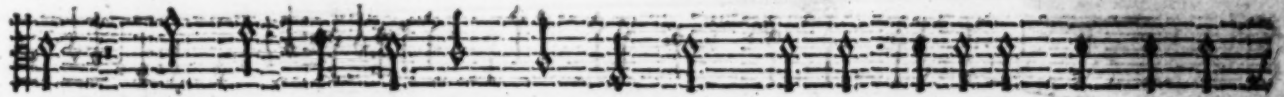
The miſſel and the pleugh-bowl, the pleugh-ſtaff, the pleugh-ſhoone, the mell

and

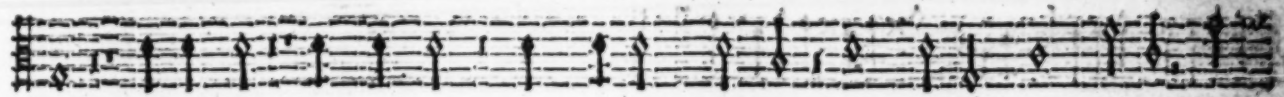
and the ſtilt, and the beam, and the heel wedge: The chock, the yoak, the ring,



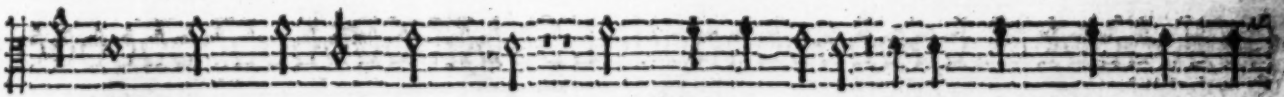
the ſling, mine oxen bolls is wreathed and pind, this whole year ſaw no ſun nor



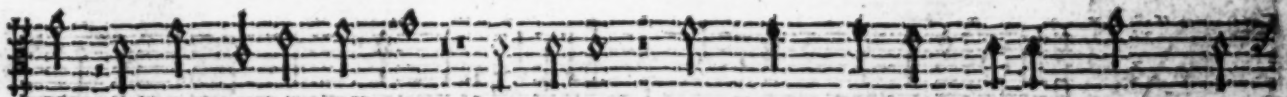
wind. The gad-wand is both light and ſharp, to brod his belly while he ſtart.



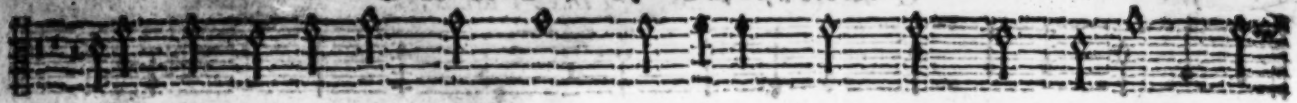
Hey, call about, with a ſhout, wind about, brandie, trow belly, trow belly, chow



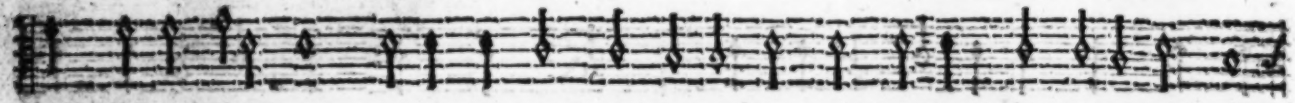
bullock, chow bullock, white horn, wind marrow garie, I ſhal brod him while he



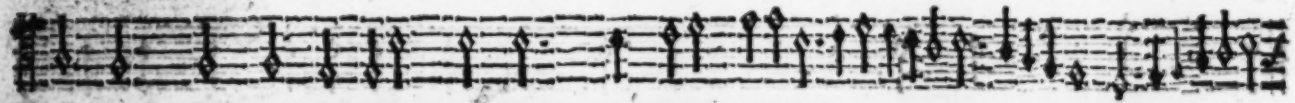
rair: The red ſtot, & the dun, wind about, hold, draw him forth, in the Roods name,



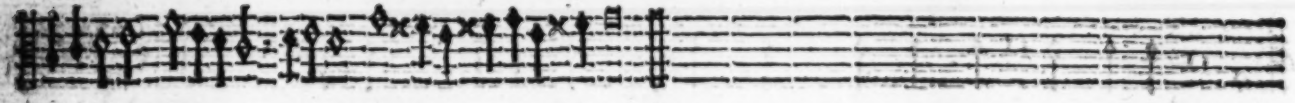
In all Scotland is there ſuch eight. And if ye pleaſe this pleugh of mine, tell



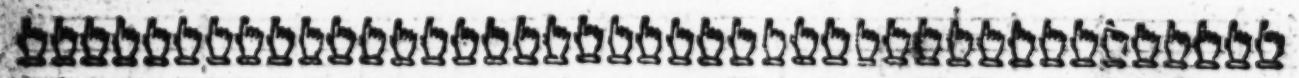
me ſhortly into time, ere I contract and hyred be, with others that deſireth me:



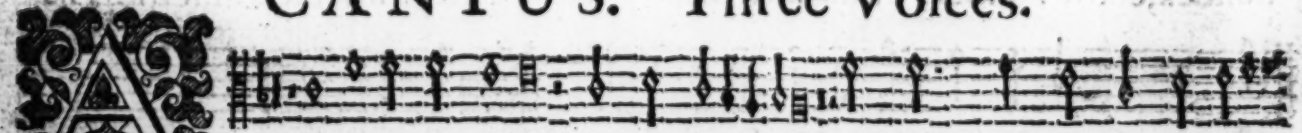
Not elſe, but the Trinity, conſerve you into charity. ÿ A-



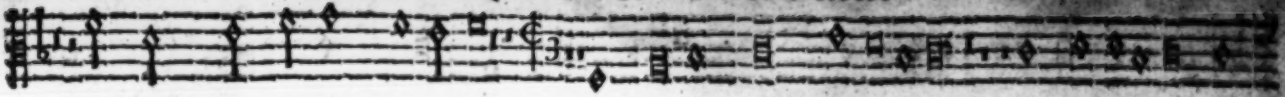
men. *Finis.* ÿ



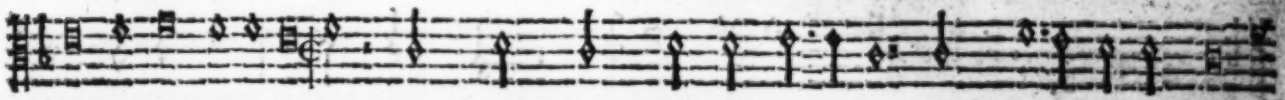
CANTUS. Three Voices.



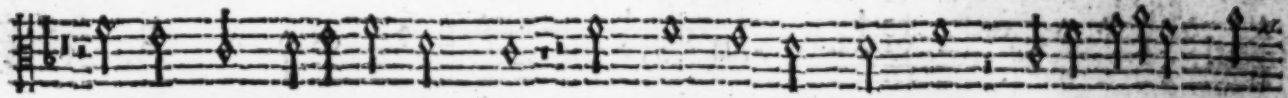
ALL ſones of Adam, riſe up with me, Go praiſe the bleſſed Trinitie.



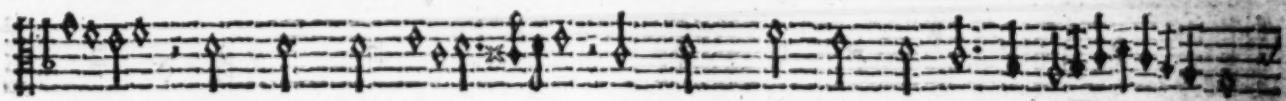
Go praiſe the bleſſed Trinitie. Cry Kyrie, with Hoſanna, ſing Alleluja now.



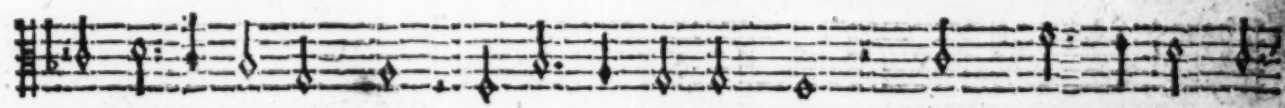
Save us all, Emanuel. Then ſpake th'Archangel Gãbriel, ſaid, Ave Mary mild,



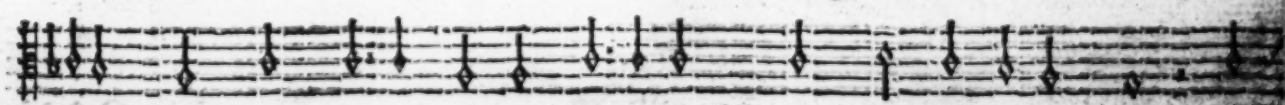
the Lord of Lords is with thee, now ſhal you go with child : *Ecce ancilla Do-*



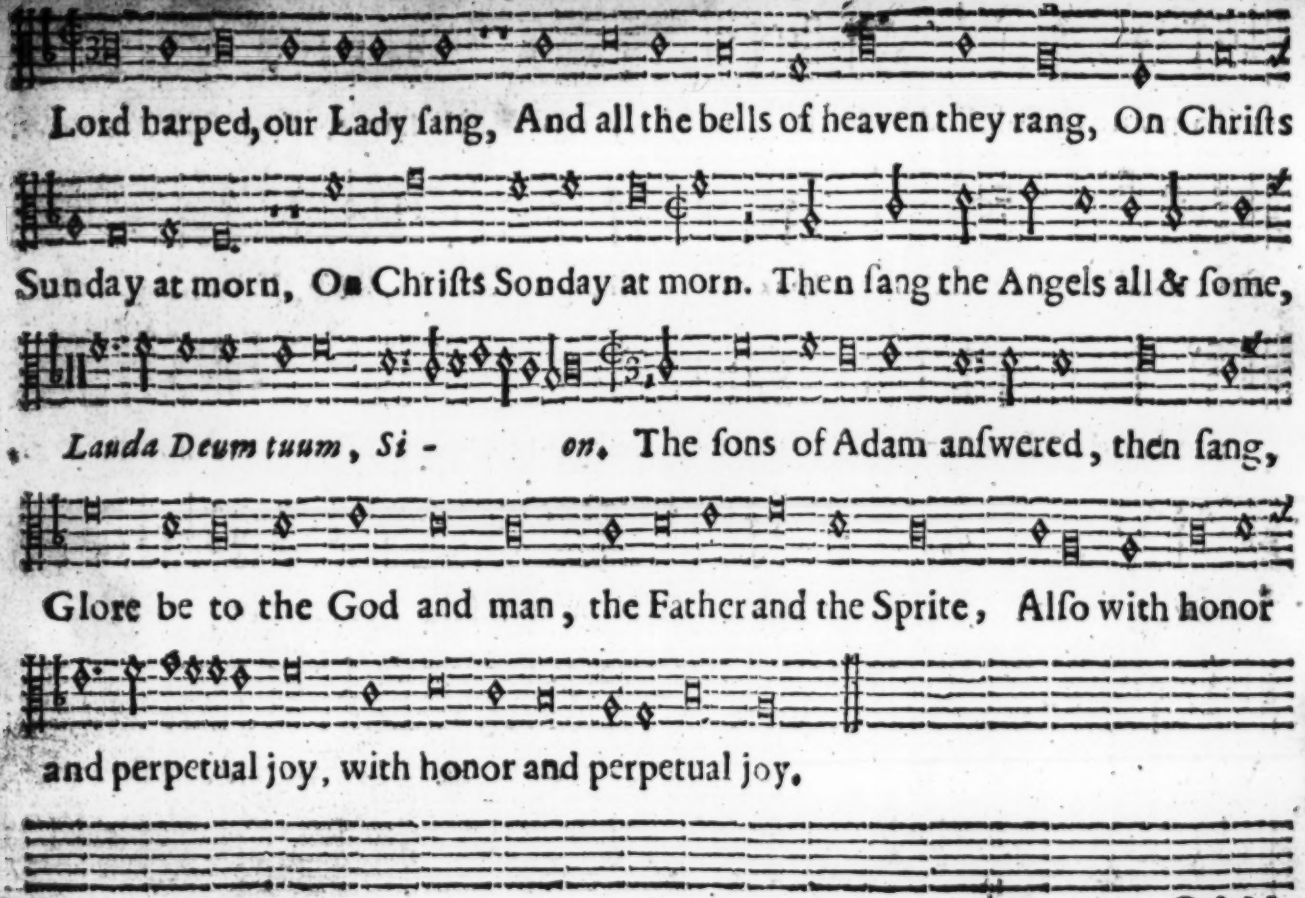
mini. Then ſaid the Vir - gin, As thou haſt ſaid, ſo mat it be, *ij*



Welcom be heavens King, welcom be heavens King. There comes a ſhip far

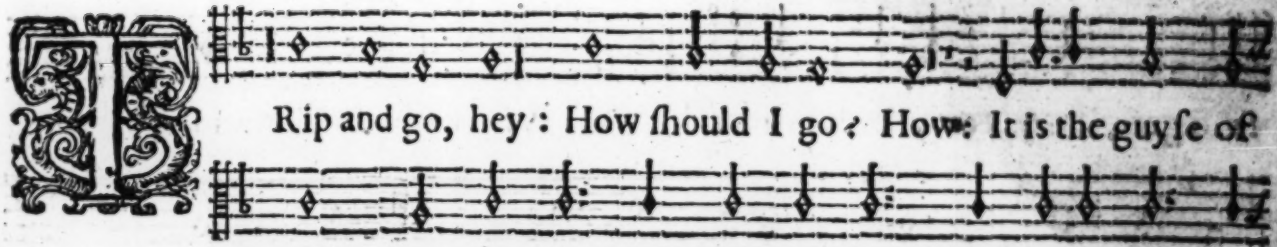


ſailing then, Saint Michel was the ſtieres-man: Saint Iohn ſate in the horn: Our

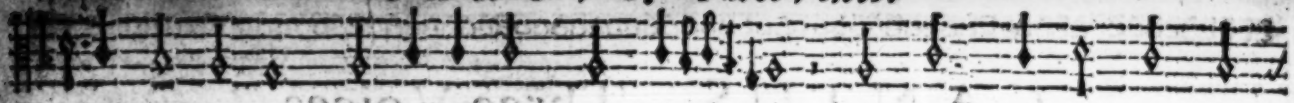

Lord harped, our Lady ſang, And all the bells of heaven they rang, On Chriſts
Sunday at morn, On Chriſts Sonday at morn. Then ſang the Angels all & ſome,
Lauda Deum tuum, Si - on. The ſons of Adam anſwered, then ſang,
Glore be to the God and man, the Father and the Sprite, Alſo with honor
and perpetual joy, with honor and perpetual joy.

CAN-

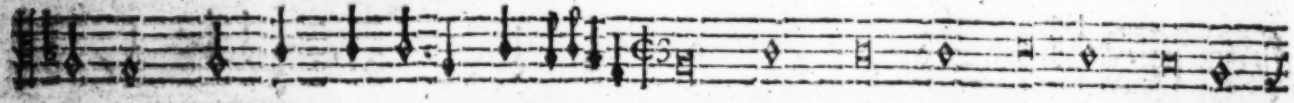
CANTUS. Three Voices.



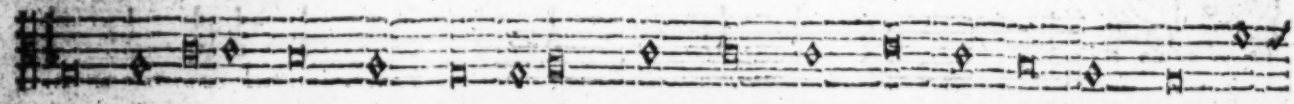
Rip and go, hey: How ſhould I go? How: It is the guyſe of France, How that ye ſhould ſing and play, With us to ſtuff our joly dance. Hey that ye ſhould ſing and play, With us to ſtuff our joly dance. How now, let us ſing with Chriſts leave, Our merry ſong, no man to grieve, Ioly under the green wood tree, Ioly under the green wood tree. Be ſoft and ſober



ſober, I you pray, my Lady will come here away; Go graith you in your glan.

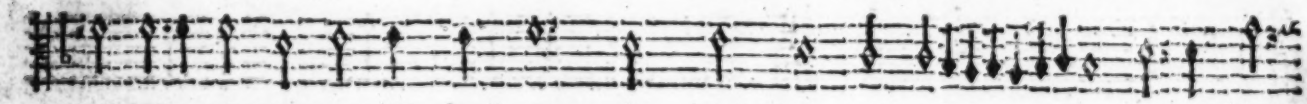


ſand geer, To meet my Lady pair and pair, With harps and lutes and guittrons

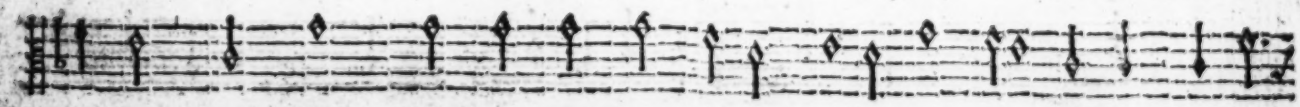


gay, My Lady will come here away, With harps and lutes and guittrons gay, My

Lady will come here away. Hey troly, loly, love is joly a while, while it is new:

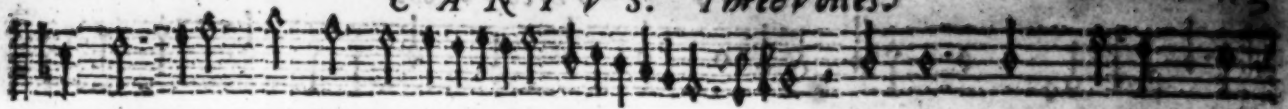


When it is old, it groweth full cold: Wo worth the love un - true, underneath



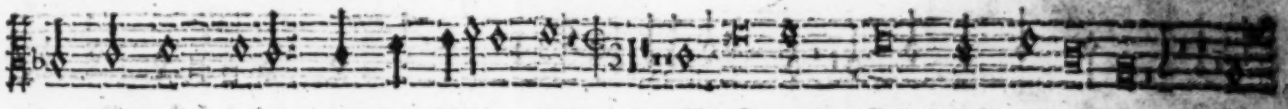
the green wood tree: There the good love bideth the friſca. Ioly polland the ſloe

ſhe

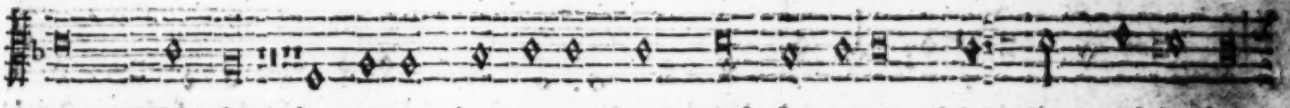


she doth ago, singing so merrily. I saw three Ladies fair

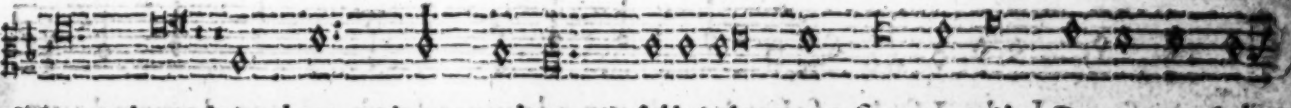
singing, Hey and how, upon yon ley land, hey. I saw three mariners singing,



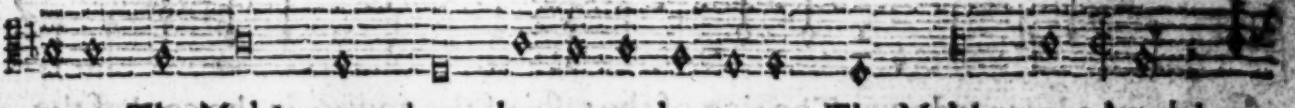
Rumbelow, upon yon see strand, hey. The pypers drone was out of tune, sing



young Thomlin, be merry, be merry, and twise so merry, with the light of the

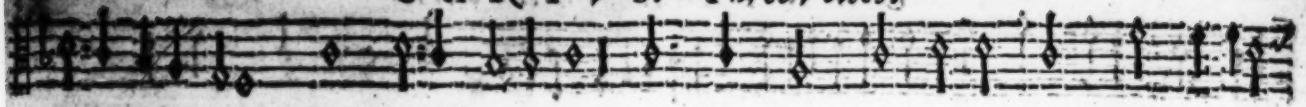


Moon, hey, hey down, down a down: Alleluja, now sing we all: Be merry, be

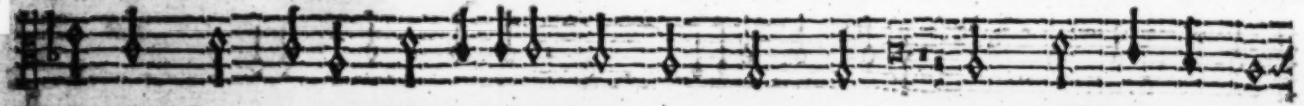


merry. The Malt's come down, be merry, be merry: The Malt's come down, hey

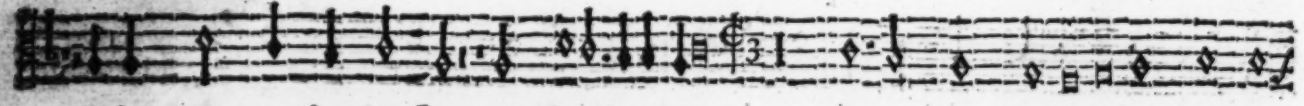
troly



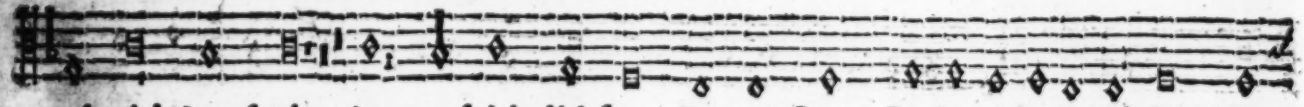
troly loly loly. Three birds on a tree, three and three, and other three, The bonieſt



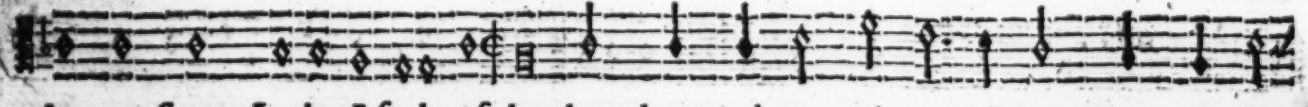
bird come down to me, The bonieſt bird came down to me. What will you, my joy,



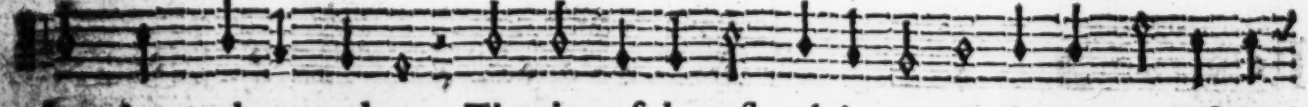
on the green at the danſing gay Ladies fair? Marry man did I, I ſaw Peggy,



and with her ſpake, by my faith did ſhe. By our ſweet Lady, I ferly of that, And

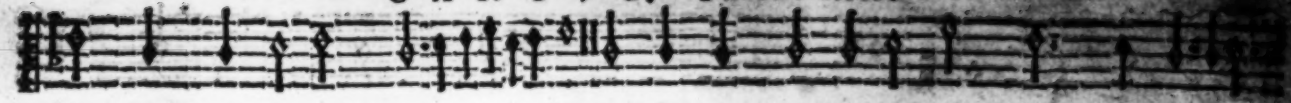


by our ſweet Lady, I ferly of that, hey down adown, adown, adown, down adown,



hey down adown, adown. The ring of the raſh, of the gowan, in the cool of the

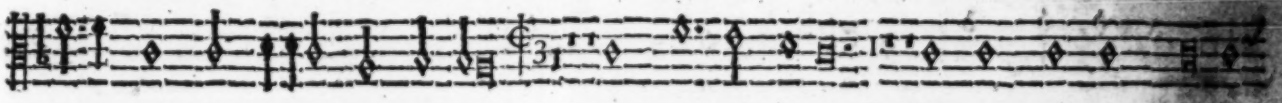
night



night, came my leman home, a and yealow hair above her brows, My joly tail

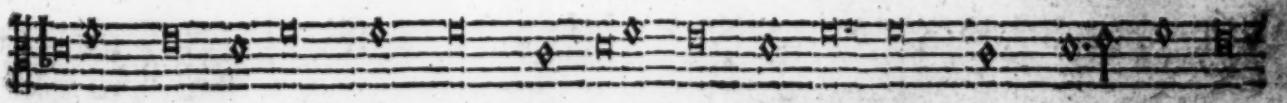
how comes you now, now, now, now, now, now: My joly tail how comes you now.

So dinckly as her hair was decked, So luſtily ſhe did alſo both wink & blink, and

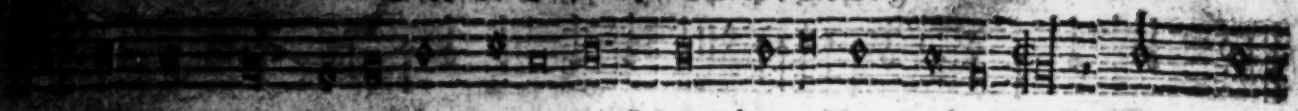


twinkle too: So freſily ſhe did ago. She ran like a Roe, ſhe tript like a Doe: I

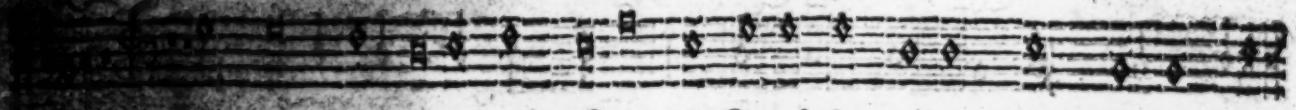
would have caught her by the toe: With that ſhe vaniſht, & home did go, hey. Sing



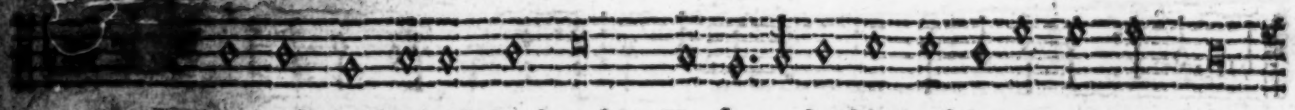
ſilver wood & thou were mine; Sing joly love, one line, hey: There ſhould nothing



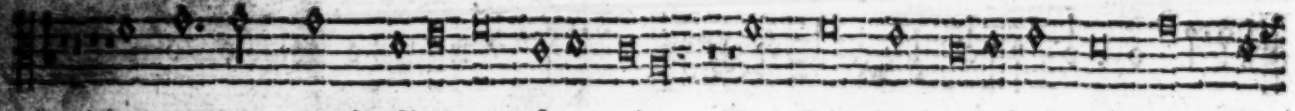
thee grow but a Hart and a Hynd, hey; but a Hart and a Hynd. Now here



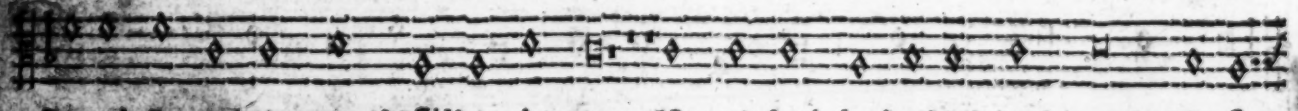
the Frier had on a coule of red, He ſpyed the pretty wench keaming her



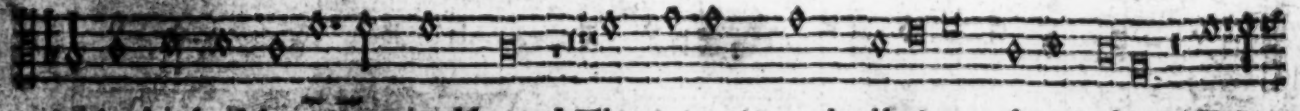
head: He prinked, he lurked, he lour'd: To ſee as he jouked, it was a good bourd.



The pretty wench all alone alone, alone. The Frier had on a belt of knots, He



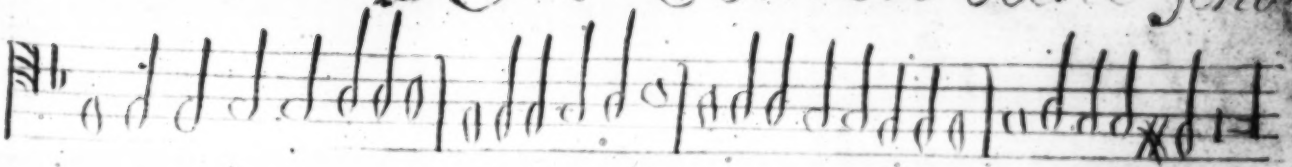
ſpyed the pretty wench filling the cups: He prinked, he lurked, he lour'd: To ſee



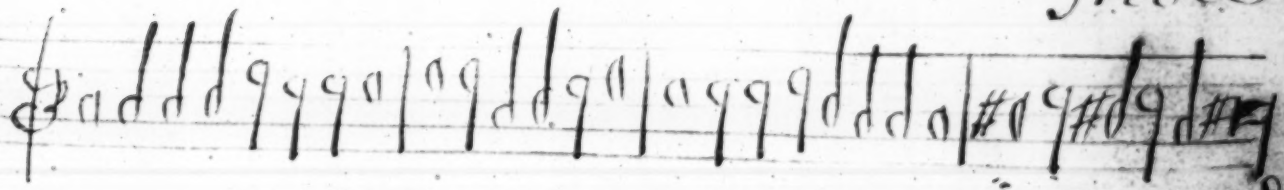
as he jouked, it was a good bourd. The pretty wench all alone, alone, alone. Ever.

alace!

Old Com̄on tune señor



Trible



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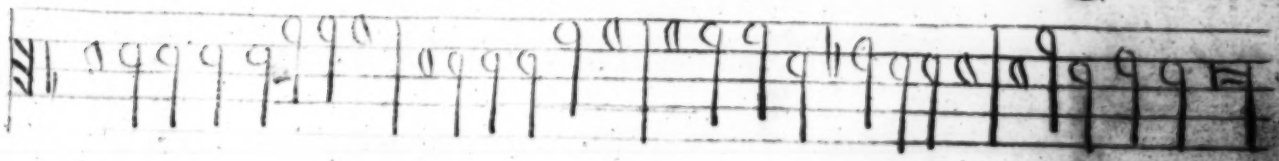
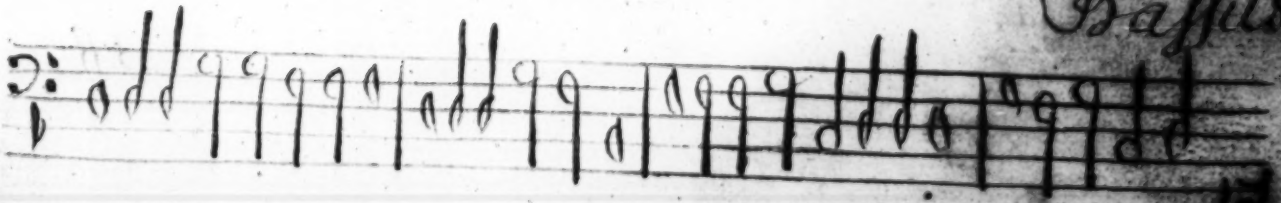
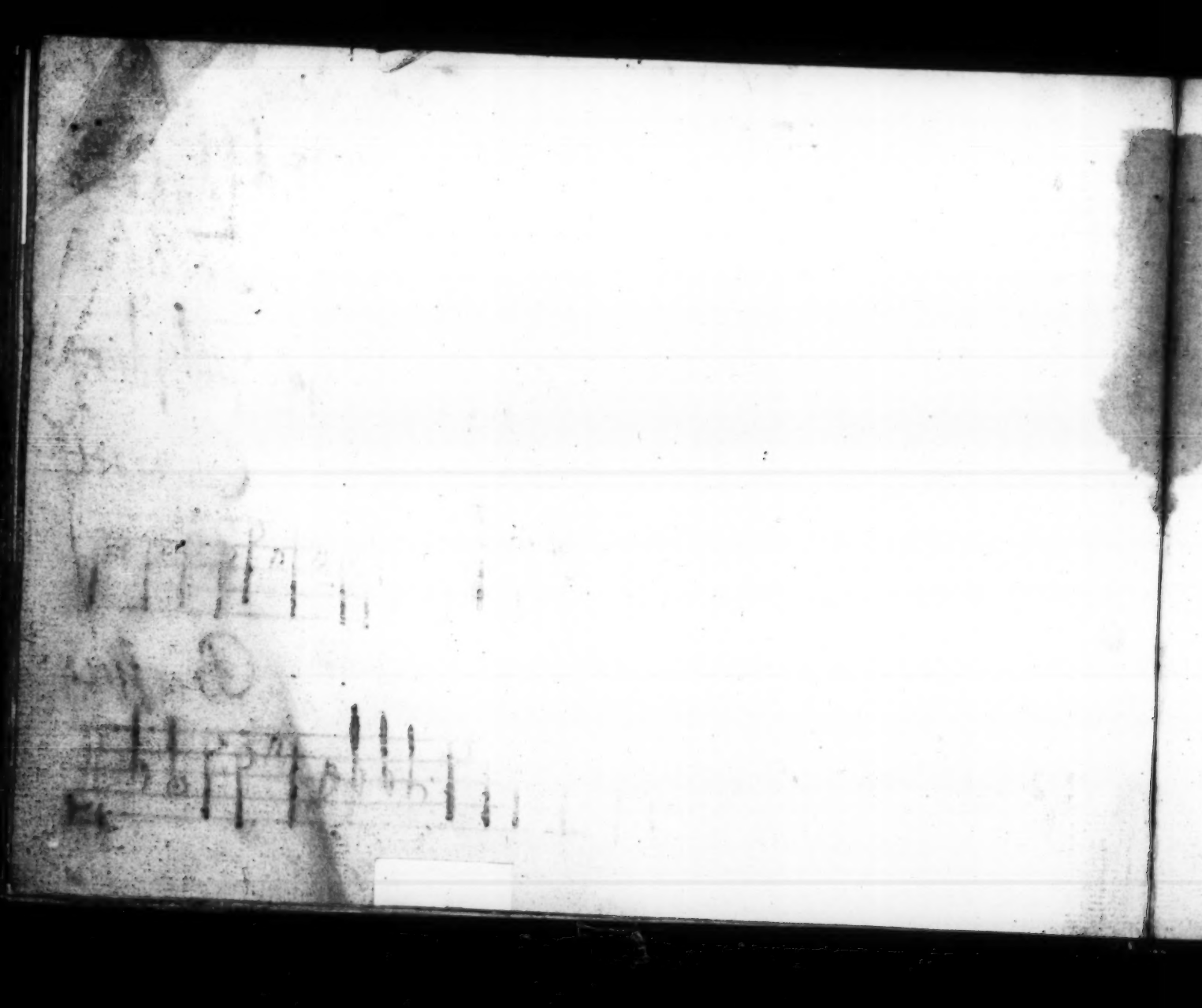
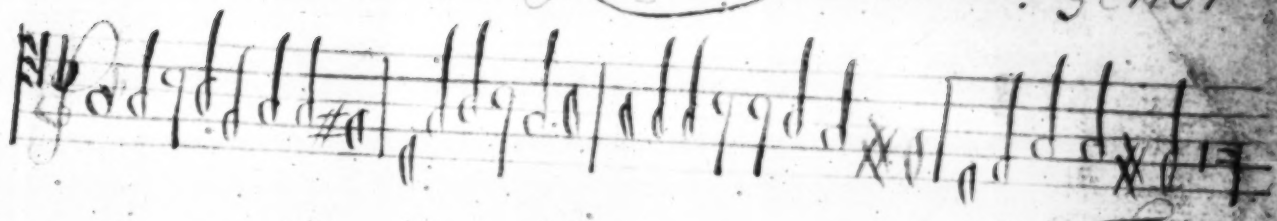


Bassus

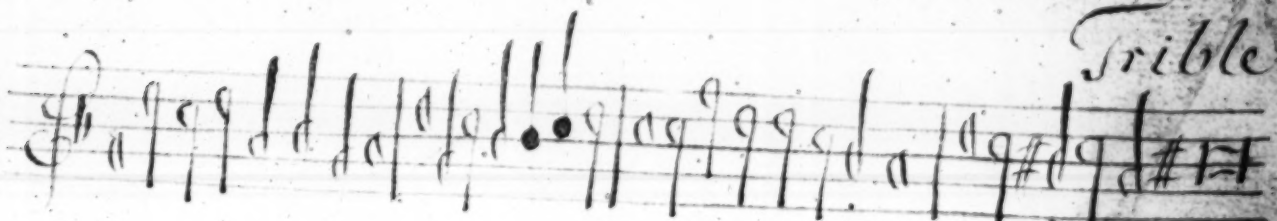




Kings tune . Tenor



Trible



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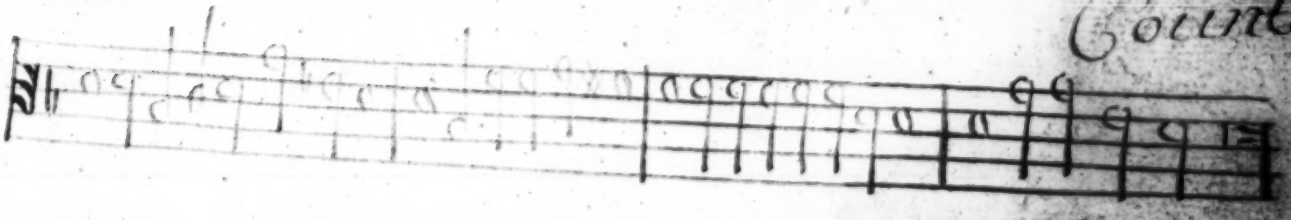
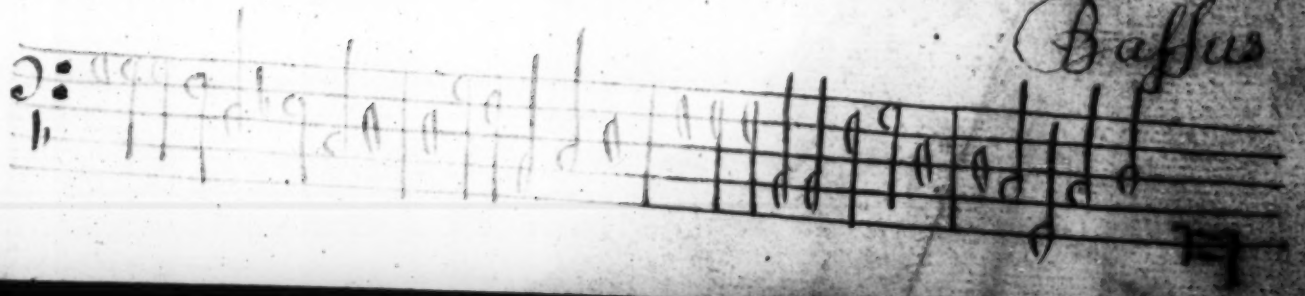
Bassus